NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Editor. | **Without Concealment----Without Compromise.** | **DAVID LEE CHILD, Assistant Editor.**

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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

PRO-SLAVERY, NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE PRESS.

Abolition.—An agent has positively accepted a mission from the Baptist Anti-Slavery Convention, to travel through the southern States to remonstrate against slavery. The object is to have him lynched or hanged, and thus, by a sacrifice of this kind, create sympathy and increase agitation on this subject, in the non-slaveholding States; and the wretched man has probably offered himself up as a martyr to this monomania. We hope the South will keep cool and do no rash act.—*N. Y. Times and Star.*

THE STATE.

Progress of British Interference.—It has recently been stated in a letter from Key West, that the citizens of Cuba had remonstrated against the interference of the English with their slave trade; that the intercession of the Governor had been solicited to put a stop to it, and that should the Spanish government refuse to comply with their request, they would set aside their allegiance to Spain.

This is a very serious matter, and shows the progress of British interference.

According to our advices, it appears that an order reached Havana last August, from Madrid, for the Governor to collect the opinions of the several planters relative to the emancipation of all slaves imported on to the island since the year 1820, and send the same to Madrid. This order was sent in consequence of a call from the British government upon that of Spain, for the fulfilment of the treaty made between those nations in that year for the suppression of the slave trade. Since its ratification, the traffic has been more or less carried on and winked at by both governments. Now, Great Britain, full of its philanthropy, calls for the emancipation of the slaves, which have been permitted to land at Cuba for the last twenty-one years.

It is a fact known to all statists, that the average loss of slaves by deaths, has been at least ten per cent. per annum, and therefore, if all imported since 1820 are emancipated, there will scarcely be a slave left on the island. All will be as free, and as fat, and as impudent, and as lazy, as those throughout the British West Indies.

All who have any knowledge of Cuba and Spain, and the intentions of the British, cannot but foresee the result of this measure, if it should be carried out. It may be pure philanthropy on the part of the latter, but we doubt it very much. And in the mean[illegible] ment it is easily to be seen, that England aims at the heart of our southern States, and is determined to possess herself of Cuba. Time, however, showeth all things.

If the Spanish government consents, at this late hour, to any such measure as the above, it may expect the same results, the same benefits, that Great Britain now receives from Jamaica, and have an equal number of fat, lazy negroes to support and keep in subjection.—*New-York Herald.*

THE CHURCH.

Resolved by the Erie Annual Conference, Ohio, "That while it disclaims all intention of interfering with any man's private opinion, and while, as the Discipline says, 'we are as much as ever convinced of the great evil of slavery,' we judge it incompatible with the duties and obligations of Methodist preachers to spend their time delivering *abolition lectures,* contributing to getting up *abolition meetings,* or *attending abolition conventions,* or *circulating* ☞*abolition papers!*"

THE MARKET.

The Georgia Constitutionalist, published at Augusta, Ga., of October 22 and 29, 1840, contains the following notices:

"REWARD.—A suitable reward will be given for the apprehension and lodging in jail, so that I may get him, of *my* negro man BILLY, commonly known as Will Bruner, a stout fellow, about six feet high, high cheek bones, large mouth, and an *exhorter in the Church.* Inform Edward Campfield, Esq., Augusta. HENRY B. HOLCOMBE."

"BOY AND MULE—$25 REWARD.—The subscriber sent his negro fellow, MARSH, on a small bay mare mule, about three years old, on the 30th day of the last month, with a ticket, in search of a brown bay poney. The said negro fellow is five feet three inches high, *with an iron on his leg,* about 25 years old, &c.—to be lodged in jail, and *care* to be taken of the *mule.* J. J. ANDREWS."

From New Orleans Papers.

$100 REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 10th intant, a negro man, who calls himself MOSES, but will no doubt give himself some other name. Said negro is about 28 years old, of a light black complexion, about 5 feet 5 inches in height, well made; has some of his fore teeth out, both upper and under; has had a small slit in each ear, made with a knife, about three-fourths of an inch from the lower tip—though healed up, it may be discovered on examination; speaks very affably, is quite intelligent, and can read very well. He is an old hand at running away.

$25 REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, on the 24th ultimo, the girl MARY, *alias* JANE. She is of a griffe color, about 19 years old, full-faced and large lips, and has the mark of a whip under one of the eyes and on the back of her neck. The above reward will be paid to any person who will return her to the subscriber.

G. VANDREUL, 213 Poydras Market.

$5 REWARD.—Lost, about two weeks ago, a large black bull-dog, with a wound in the right eye, had on a leather collar, with a rope attached to it. The above reward will be given to whoever will return him to

E. STONE, cor. New Levee & Lafayette sts.

From Georgia Journals, June 29, 1841.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—Will be sold at the Court house in the town of Eatonton, Putnam county, on the first Tuesday in July next, the following property, to wit:

One negro man Harry, one road wagon and harness, one black mare mule, one black horse mule, one black horse mule, and two sorrel horse mules; levied on as the property of Alfred Franklin to satisfy a mortgage fi. fa. in favor of William Biscoe *vs.* said Franklin.

R. W. WRIGHT, Sheriff.

From the St. Louis Republican.

RUNAWAY FROM LIBERTY—$300 REWARD.—Runaway from the subscribers, living in LIBERTY, Mo., on Saturday night last, three slaves, ELIJAH, a yellow man, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, spare made, 40 years old. DICK, a copper color, about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, trim made, about 27 years old. LEWIS, about 5 feet 10 inches high, slim made, 18 or 19 years old, copper color; all likely.

It is supposed they will make for a free State. The above reward will be given for the apprehension and delivery of them all to us IN LIBERTY, if taken out of the State, or a proportionable part for either of them, or fifty dollars each, if taken in the State. ARCH'D WOODS.
JAMES M. ESTILL.

LIBERTY, July 28, 1841.

Temperance.

From the Wilmington Temperance Standard.

TO GEORGE F. WHITE, OF NEW-YORK.

LETTER IV.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

It is a painful thought, that the most formidable and the most intolerant opposition to the work of Temperance claims the authority of the Bible, and emanates from the professed followers of him who "went about doing good."

Within a few years past, the light of science has revealed many important truths, in relation to alcohol and its effects on the animal economy. It is now established, that alcohol is the product of fermentation exclusively; that distillation does not form it, but merely separates it from extraneous substances, and renders it more pure; that fermented intoxicating drinks, so far from being more wholesome, are generally more injurious to the human system than ardent spirits; that the whole class of intoxicating drinks are poisons to the healthy body; and that to use them is, therefore, a violation of the laws of organic life. Much has also been developed in addition to what was previously known, with regard to the influence of alcohol, even when moderately used, on the minds and the morals of men. From all these discoveries, the proposition has been boldly proclaimed, that the use of intoxicating drink, in every form, is directly opposed to the best interests of mankind, and that true temperance requires the total abandonment of the practice of drinking alcohol.

But when men are called on to conform in their conduct to these principles, then comes the trial.—They cannot enter the field of science and refute them. Did they regard the voice of reason—that good gift of Providence—did they admit the evidence of their senses, all doubt would vanish. But their prejudices and appetites rebel against such authority. They snatch up the Bible, and interpose it as a shield, against the arrows of truth. Thus defended, they are often proof against the plainest dictates of common sense, and they trample under foot those noble faculties which impart to man the image of his Maker.

There are certain texts of Scripture which the advocates of wine-drinking and the enemies of temperance have always at their tongue's end. The pulpit and the brothel are equally well versed in these portions of the Bible. The poor wretch whose trembling hand tells that the demon of the cup has marked him for his prey, is as ready to talk of "wine that cheereth the heart," as the dignified priest whose flowing robes would be defiled by the touch of such a reprobate. "Wine is a good creature of God, and is to be used with thanksgiving" proclaims the preacher: Amen! responds the Bacchanalian throng. Grog-shop answers to pulpit, and the inspiration of the bottle to the pretended inspiration of the Holy Spirit!

Let me not be understood to doubt the sincerity of these Christian champions of wine. Many of them show by their conduct that they defend the use of wine for some other purpose than mere form. If evidence of their devotion to principle were needed, it might be found in the fact that the very name of wine is enough to bring into action their peculiar views, though the name be given to vile imitations, composed of whiskey and logwood, and sugar of lead, and various other ingredients equally wholesome. I have known some of these religious wine-drinkers who were willing, for the benefit of their fellow beings, to perform the most arduous lab[illegible] mit to any privation, short of relinquishing their glass of wine, with the privilege of drinking it according to scripture.

An important service would be rendered to the Bible by wresting it from the hands of such men. If it can be shown that the authority and sanction of the Bible are in accordance with the developments of science and the laws of nature, in relation to the use of intoxicating drink, one of the main props of intemperance will be removed. That it can be, and has been, shown that the advocates of wine-drinking resort to gratuitous assumptions, and unfair constructions of scripture, I am fully convinced.—One might suppose that a truly religious mind would give to the cause of temperance and virtue whatever of doubt may arise in the interpretation of certain texts. But we observe, on the contrary, that all such doubts are thrown into the other scale, for the unworthy purpose of maintaining the *Christian* privilege of drinking intoxicating wine! To judge by the language and conduct of many who occupy high seats in the synagogue, we shall infer that they value the Bible mainly because they derive from its pages a license for the indulgence of an unnatural, a debasing, and a dangerous appetite. We should be apt to conclude, that to drink intoxicating wine is an article of their faith as essential as the belief in a Divine Providence.

To understand the force of the various passages of scripture that relate to this subject, it is necessary to bear in mind that the word *wine* has a great variety of meanings. We learn from historians and scholars, that various preparations of grapes were in common use in the Eastern countries, in former times. These different preparations are designated by different names in the original language of the Bible. But as the English language does not afford corresponding terms, they have been translated into the one general expression, *wine.* Some of these ancient wines were drunk as soon as they were expressed from the grape, and consequently before the process of fermentation had developed the intoxicating principle. Some were boiled down to a syrup, and preserved in this condition, entirely free from fermentation. Some were fermented and intoxicating as our modern wines. Some were mixed with drugs, and owed their active qualities, mainly to such admixture. To show how little can be inferred from the word itself, as used in the scriptures, it may be added that one of these *wines* was a preparation of dried grapes pressed into a cake, and eaten as food; and that this preparation is designated in one place in our translation as "flagons of wine!"

It is necessary also to recollect that the language of the East was extremely figurative, and that the word *wine* often occurs in the Bible in a figurative sense, as a type of fruitfulness, or of good things.—It is also used to denote the grapes themselves; as in the expression, "corn, wine and oil," where grain, grapes and olives were referred to.

When we take into the view the productions of Palestine and the Holy Land, and when we regard the habits of the people, we shall better understand why wine and the vine are so constantly referred to in the ancient writings. I cannot imagine a more appropriate emblem of fruitfulness than a vine in full bearing. Even in our own country, the quantity and richness of the produce of a single vine strike the eye with admiration. But compare the grapes of this climate with those of the East. We read of the spies whom Moses sent to examine the Valley of Eshcol, bringing back *a single cluster* of grapes carried by two men on a staff. The testimony of modern travellers is of a similar import. I have myself been told by an intelligent Greek, who escaped from the island of Scio at the time of the noted massacre by the Turks, that he had seen grapes growing in his mother's garden, in that island, one bunch of which weighed upwards of twenty pounds. And I have had similar testimony from others who have resided in Greece. Imagine a vine throwing out from its slender trunk a multitude of branches, spreading over a spacious arbor, and loaded with such clusters. I question if the whole circle of nature can present a more beautiful and appropriate emblem of the Divine bounty.

The value of the grape crop in the Eastern countries is another important consideration. A bountiful Providence, in adapting the earth to the wants of man, has provided, in hot and arid climates, a class of vegetable productions to supply the absence of water. Thus we have a cistern of water in the juicy melon, which thrives best in dry and sandy soils, where it is most needed. By the same principle, the grape grows most luxuriantly in certain hot and dry climates.

We may search the world in vain for a more wholesome fruit than the grape. Even in this country, unpropitious as our climate is to its perfect growth, the grape stands foremost in this respect. During the grape season in the south of Europe, it is common for individuals to live on bread and grapes exclusively, to the great benefit of their health.—Emaciated persons frequently grew fat on this diet,—so much wholesome nutriment is there in the fruit of the vine. Add to this, the ancient practice of laying up stores of grapes, dried, and variously prepared, for winter use, and we may form some estimate of the immense value of the vine to the inhabitants of ancient Palestine and the surrounding country. No marvel that the "vine" and "grapes" and "wine" should be mentioned so frequently by the sacred writers.

In my next letter, I will examine more particularly the various meanings of the word wine, as it occurs in the Bible. Thy friend, H. G.

Selections.

From Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.

THE COMMERCE OF BRITISH INDIA,

Viewed in its probable influence on the products of the Southern States.

The present condition of the commerce of Great Britain with the East India Company's possessions, and its probable influence on the products of our southern States, is a subject at this time of the most serious and interesting character; and to all who are connected with the great staples of cotton, rice, and sugar, should be one of diligent and careful investigation. It is clear, from the great increase in the amount of East India imports within the last ten years, that they have begun to exercise an important influence on the prices of these articles in the English markets; and if they continue increasing in the same ratio, in a very few years our commerce with Britain must be materially affected.—Since the year 1836, (when the duties on East and West India sugar were equalized) the importation of sugar from British India has almost doubled, and it is the same with the articles of coffee and cotton. Rice is also another article of increasing consumption and of improving quality; and in England is now seen for sale in the grocer's window, with that from Carolina—the former at 3*d.*, the latter at 5*d.* a pound. As to tobacco, the present amount of importation from India is small; arising, no doubt, from the want of proper management in the preparation for the home market, and skill and knowledge in the cultivators.

The two subjects connected with India, which now engross the attention of the people of Britain, are of a double character and opposite points. India wants from England justice and righteous protection, and a fair acknowledgment of her claims, as an integral part of the British empire. England wants from India raw materials for her manufactories, and the luxuries of coffee, sugar, and tobacco, for her artisans and laborers; and most of all, she wants an extensive market for her numerous wares and fabrics, which she can produce cheaper than any other country. These two different points of one great national question, have now become the subjects of discussion by the philanthropists on the one side, and the merchants and manufacturers on the other. Both are working for the attainment of their separate objects, at different ends of the same chain. The one will civilize India by justice and religion—the other by an unfettered commerce and an improved agriculture. Who would dare say that these are things which the southern people should pass by carelessly and heedlessly, and not prepare to meet the coming change?

British India comprises a tract of country almost as large as the entire settled parts of the United States, [illegible] the *present demand* in England, for cotton, rice, sugar, coffee, and tobacco. A glance at the situation of the company's territory, is sufficient to convince any one that these are no vague assertions; and that causes, many of which have ceased to operate, are the reasons of the small proportion of East Indian articles, which have been able to compete with the same materials from our slave States, in the English market; and not from the want of a capacity of production in the soil of India, or from the quantity of land, or the price and amount of labor.

Montgomery Martin says, in his history of the British colonies—"The British possessions in India are rich to overflowing with every product of vegetable life, which an all-wise and ever beneficent Providence could bestow, to gratify the sight, and contribute to the happiness of his creatures." Professor Royle, of King's College, says—"In the peninsula of India and in the neighboring island of Ceylon, we have a climate capable of producing cinnamon, cassia, pepper, &c. The coffee grown on the Malabar coast is of so superior a quality, as to be taken to Arabia and re-exported as Mocha coffee.—The Tinnevelly senna brings the highest price in the London market. The common potato has been introduced into almost every part of India, with great success, and benefit to the people. The continent every where produces indigo, cotton, tobacco, sugar, and opium. The first, hardly of any note as an Indian product thirty years ago, is now imported in the largest quantities into England; the *cotton* is *indigenous* to India; many provinces seem peculiarly adapted for its culture, particularly Malwa, and those to the Northwest. The tobacco brought home by Dr. Wallach was pronounced by competent judges to be equal to the best from America. The quantity grown in India is enormous; every class, high and low, use it; and if the duty on it were reduced in England, the different soils of India would afford an infinite variety of that fascinating weed for the British market. Very rich lands produce about 160 lbs. per acre of green leaf; excellent Havana tobacco is grown in Guzerat, Boglinpoor, Bundlecund, &c.; and some from the Irawaddy territories has been reported by the brokers in London, as equal to the best American. The want of proper skill in the preparation, has been a great obstacle to its arriving in a marketable state in England, after a long East India voyage; but experiments are now making in Bombay in the improvement of the curing process.

The London Journal of Commerce of Jan. 30th, 1841, says, in speaking of this article,—"There is now a difference of 3*d.* per lb.; the duty on the American being 3*s.*, and on the Indian 2*s.* 9*d.* The quantity of tobacco imported from India is now small; of 22,000,000 lbs. cleared for home consumption, but 45,000 lbs. are from India. In the opinion of parties conversant with the trade, Messrs. Grant and Hodgson, of Crutched Friars, for instance, the reduction of the additional duty would cause an immediate consumption of East India tobacco. They are of opinion that, if due care were taken, tobacco might be grown in India, of a quality and to an extent that would supersede the Columbian tobacco and second rate Havana, of which sorts the number of pounds cleared per month averages 36,000. Indeed, there is no limit to the extent to which tobacco might be cultivated in India. At present Indian tobacco is not so suitable to European taste as that of Cuba or Manilla; but tobacco has been raised from Maryland and Virginia seed, which was quite as good as the produce of those countries. The inferiority of Indian tobacco is ascribed to the species cultivated, which is grown to suit the native taste. The reduction of the differential duty of 3*d.* per lb., which would be a good profit, would doubtless lead to a cultivation suited to the home market. At present the duty is, in reality, higher on East India than on Virginian tobacco, for although nominally it is equal in amount, the inferiority of the former to the latter, operates as a protective duty in favor of the American growth."

"The sugar-cane is cultivated in every part of India," continues Royle, "but the quality has hitherto been poor: lately, however, a manufactory has been established in Burdiwan; a new mine opened in the Burdiwan coal formation, and very superior specimens of sugar sent home." "Sugar," Martin states, "may be cultivated in India in sufficient quantities to supply the whole world; its production at present is immense, as it forms an ingredient in almost every article of food or drink used by the Hindoos; and where the manfacture is attended to, the grain is as large and as handsome as that from Demarara.* The soil and climate of the three presidencies are peculiary suited to the production of this essential nourishment to man. The small quantity of sugar which British India now (1834) sends to England, notwithstanding that in the former country (India) it is exceeded only by *rice* in consumption, is 76,613 cwts. "If," says a writer in the Wexford Independent, "we do thorough justice to India, we could draw from these vast and favored regions, the product of free cultivation—with the blessing and full requital of the Indian laborer—more than *twice* the consumption of *all* the sugar we *import,* and more than all the cotton sent to us from the slave States of North America." "The valley of the Ganges," says Secretary Trevellyan, "is a tract of alluvial country, of extraordinary fertility, about 1000 miles long, and from 150 to 300 miles broad, and is capable of producing sufficient sugar for the consumption of the whole world."—This valley is densely populated, "and might be given up entirely to the growth of sugar, indigo, tobacco, cotton, and other valuable productions, getting its grain and provisions from the neighboring provinces." A late number (Nov. 1840) of the Calcutta "Friend of India" states "that the cultivation of sugar has extended amazingly since the duties were equalized in 1836; sugar meets the eye everywhere in Calcutta, and were it not for the scarcity of shipping (which is now employed in transporting soldiers to China) we should be able to send double the quantity sent last year to England." Another paper remarks, "the exports of the year (1840) will probably reach 54,000 tons," and that "the public mind, both native and European, continues to be strongly attracted towards the cultivation and manufacture of sugar." The Gladstones of Liverpool have lately sold their property in Demarara and bought large quantities of land in India for the cultivation of sugar and cotton. "I have no doubt," says Zachary Macauley, "that sugar could be produced in India profitably at a penny a pound." "I have received (the venerable Clarkson remarked) information lately (1841) from India of the *new and extensive* cultivation going on there, of sugar, cotton, &c."

But to come to figures. We learn from the custom-house returns, that in 1831 the exports of sugar from India to England were about 60,000 cwts.; in 1836, 152,163 cwts.; in 1839, 519,126 cwts.; and in 1840, nearly 600,000 cwts.† In the Gazette prices, towards the end of the first quarter of 1841, we find that the increased quantity of Indian sugar in the London market, brought the price down 10*s.* on the cwt. In the year 1834, the price was 61*s.* to 66*s.*, and in 1840, 56*s.* to 87*s.*; some qualities selling as high as the *best* West India. In 1835, there were 35,000 boxes and bags imported into Liverpool, and in 1839, 92,000 of the same packages.

The next and most important article, and one that enters more into competition with our slave produce than any other, is cotton; and here we come to a question of most serious and grave import. Shall we or shall we not be able to compete with India in the production of this valuable staple, when she receives from England her full measure of justice and good government? That the people of that country are disposed to bestow them upon her, is evidenced by the interest taken in the subject, in and out of Parliament this year, and even by the members of the government itself.

That we have some real grounds for asserting that India is able to compete with us in the cultivation of cotton, and that of all qualities, the writer of this has endeavored to show, by a few substantial facts of recent date. It is time for the planters of the South seriously to set about the investigation of the subject; to ask themselves, whether slave labor, at thirty-one cents a day, (three negroes doing the work of one freeman—a well-known fact in slave countries,) with all its concomitant evils and vexations, is equal to free labor in the East Indies at twelve cents a day; a large supply of labor, and any quantity of unoccupied land for the purpose; and with a government and wealthy company ready to second them, having only one great impediment in the way—the greater distance of transportation. The people of the United States are alike interested in this subject, and it should by all be one of common interest.

As to capability of production, Montgomery Martin says, "cotton every where abounds, but sufficient care has not been bestowed on the growth, so as to render it, as in America, a triennial instead of an annual; or in the picking and cleaning of it for export. The Decca cotton is unequalled; and the 'sea island cotton' from Saugur island, near Calcutta, promises to be a valuable article of export." And in another place, he says, "the Indian government have, of late years, made several attempts for the extensive introduction of the cotton plant into Guzerat, near the Persian Gulf, *which seems well adapted to the culture.*" Royle says, "the best of cotton is produced from the coast of Coromandel." "The natural internal navigation," states another writer, in 1839, "is most extensive. There are vast tracts of land so near the Hooghly, Ganges, and other large navigable rivers, that without the delay of making roads, the produce can be brought to Calcutta at the moderate cost of transportation, of from five to ten shillings a ton. The presidencies of Madras and Bombay likewise contain land capable of growing cotton to an *illimitable* extent." "You consume," said Gladstone, in Parliament, in 1838, "318 millions of pounds of cotton, which proceed from slave labor, and only 45 millions of pounds which proceed from free labor; and that, too, while you have the means in India, *at a very little expense,* of obtaining all you require from free labor." "Under a juster government," says a writer of 1840, "we might make ourselves independent of the great product of the United States; and low as the price of upland cotton now is, (6*d.*) we might bring it down to 3*d.*" "It is not attempted to be denied," says F. C. Brown, of Tellichery, (E. I.) in 1838, "that the natives of India can produce sugar, cotton, tobacco, and coffee, in the proportion of millions to hundreds. It is admitted that they ask no more *than to be suffered* to produce these commodities; had they been so suffered fifty years ago, it is demonstrably certain, that not a negro slave would now exist, either in the West Indies or America; for he could not be profitable to his master, competing with the Indian laborer at 3*d.*" Clarkson says, in a late pamphlet of his, that he has "received information recently from India, that individuals are hiring large tracts of land of the East India Company, principally for the cultivation of cotton. One person has taken 50,000 acres at his own risk, and expects to employ 100,000 people *more* than at present." We are all aware, too, that the East India Company have latterly taken much pains to procure the best seeds from America. "Cotton is as fine in Rajapotanah as anywhere in India," says a late writer, (1841;) and again, "another part of the same province (Mewar) produces all kinds of grain, cotton, sugar, &c." Rangoon, at the mouth of the great river Irawaddy, "ships large quantities of raw cotton, of superior quality, to Calcutta, and other places, which is used in the fabrication of the finest muslins." This part of India is very similar in climate and situation to the Delta of our Mississippi; and could supply an immense quantity of cotton of the best quality for the English market.—A Bombay newspaper of 1839, remarks: "We have shown, in a former number, that until the year 1830, we derived no agricultural produce *whatever* from the fertile plains of Berar (600 miles from the coast;) and supplied that district with but a single article, salt, which, owing to the almost impracticable state of the roads, was conveyed from this city on the backs of bullocks. In that year, one of the native salt merchants tried the experiment of conveying back to Bombay, upon his returning bullocks, some of the cotton which abounds in that country; the experiment was completely successful, and next year 10,000 loads were received from that one district by the same rude conveyance. In 1836, 90,000 loads were received from the same province; "but," the paper remarks, "the roads were so bad, that it imposes an additional cost of 80 per cent. upon its original price. The government, however, have at length taken up the subject, and directed surveys to be made for building the road, to cost £30,000." They have also resolved to make a road from Bombay to Agra, into the very heart of the cotton district. According to the Bombay Times of March 27, 1841, up to the 19th of March, 1840, the total imports amounted to only 69,522 cwt.; while to the same date of the present year they amount to 324,679 cwt.; thus exhibiting an increase of 255,157 cwt.—This large increase does not appear to be owing to any fortuitous circumstance, but either to the cultivation being greatly extended, or to greater exertions being used to bring forward the new crop.—From all accounts, it appears that greater extension is given to the cultivation of cotton in districts which heretofore supplied comparatively insignificant quantities, and greater attention paid to the quality.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce, in connection with the East India Company, having directed their attention particularly to this staple, expressed their conviction, that large supplies of cotton could be procured from India at a moderate cost, if the cultivation and preparation were better attended to. Accordingly, the company sent out an intelligent and capable individual to the United States; and in the fall of 1840 he returned to England, accompanied by several Americans well acquainted with the cultivation; and bringing with them several cotton gins, and the best kinds of seeds. The gins were set up in Liverpool, and several parcels of Indian cotton (in the seed) submitted to the working of the new machinery, and declared increased in price, from the operation, one-fourth to three-eighths of a penny on a pound. The result was, that while the American gins could clean 1400 pounds a day, to the great improvement of the raw material, an Indian machine, (a churka,) with three laborers to work it, could only turn off 40 pounds. Let it be remembered, that with all this extra labor in India, they send cotton to England at the low price of from six to thirteen cents a pound, and after paying the costs of an expensive transportation.—By a late Indian mail we learn, that these individuals had arrived, and applied for 1000 acres of land, in the Tinnevelly district, to make a commencement.

But as we came to figures in our sugar statement, we will now give a similar view respecting cotton. Secretary Woodbury says, "that the production of cotton, *in India,* in 1791, was 150 millions, and in 1834, 185 millions of pounds." India furnishes cotton sufficient for her own consumption, the supply of China, and a large surplus goes to England, we learn from the same report to Congress. In 1831, the imports of Indian cotton into England were 75,627 bales; in 1835, 116,153 bales; and in 1840, we have 216,784 bales—nearly trebled in nine years. The importation in 1839, was 47,233,959 pounds, and in 1840, 76,703,295 pounds; an increase without a parallel in the history of this valuable commodity. In the first quarter of 1840, the imports were 28,611 bales; and in the same term of 1841, we find 35,433; an increase of 7,822 bales. I think we have good reason to believe, that the similarity in quality of the Brazilian and East India cottons, has had the effect of manufacturers preferring the latter for rough work, on account of the lower price; and very much diminishing the demand for the former. We find in "Myers' Liverpool Mercantile Gazette," (excellent authority,) that the imports of Brazilian cotton of all kinds into Great Britain, have been lessening for the last nine years. In 1831, the importation was 174,508 bales; in 1835, 157,316; in 1838, 164,074; in 1839, 124,887; and in 1840, we find it reduced to 103,414: a decrease of 71,094 bales in nine years. This looks very much like the inability of its standing the competition much longer. The Indian article is also able to compete in price with many qualities of American cotton.

The next article in which we are immediately concerned, is rice; and here we shall find that the East Indies allow South Carolina no monopoly; and notwithstanding that we excel them in quality in the European market, they are undermining us in price, and also improving its character by machinery and better cultivation. Were it not for the immense consumption of this grain in the East, ours could not exist a single year in the European markets; and did they not use their best rice there, which is fully equal to the Carolina, (says Royle and other writers,) we should stand but a poor chance now.

The valleys of the Ganges, Irawaddy, and other large rivers of India, have been, from time immemorial, the great rice fields of the central parts of Asia. The rice, so extensively cultivated in India, depends upon rain, or irrigation *from tanks* or rivers. These, Captain Hall describes, near Nundydroog, as "spread over a valley which is from six to eight miles across; and that they were used for irrigating *myriads* of rice fields. The embankments are sometimes miles in length. One valley was pointed out to him, about a mile broad and forty miles in length, which included between thirty and forty tanks; every intermediate square yard of the intermediate spaces being richly cultivated." Dr. Roxburgh, states, "that he never saw or heard of an Indian farmer manuring, in the smallest degree, a rice field; yet *these fields* have probably, for thousands of years, continued to yield annually a large crop of rice, on an average of thirty to sixty fold; even eighty or a hundred has been known." From these short notices, which could be multiplied were it necessary from many authors, we learn that India is as capable of competing with us in the cultivation of rice, as she is with that of cotton. Very lately the improved rice machines of Ewbank and Lucas, and Shiel, have come into use in the East.

The countries which compete with us in the European markets, are Bengal and Java. In the British West Indies, where it is getting to be of great consumption, the rice from Venezuela and New Granada, with that from the East Indies, is gradually supplanting ours. It is a common thing to see, in the Jamaica papers, advertisments of "bags of Calcutta and Santa Martha rice;" and in the summer of 1840, an enterprising mercantile firm of Kingston, in that island, imported a *ship's cargo* of rice from the East Indies—a distance of nearly 10,000 miles! In 1838, Calcutta alone exported to Mauritius and Bourbon 926,364 bags of 164 lbs. each—equal to 151,923,696 lbs.; which valued at three cents (1 1-2*d.*) a pound, would make it worth 4,557,710 dollars, more than double the value of rice we export annually—over 2,000,000 dollars. In 1835, 66,000 bags of cleaned East India were imported into Liverpool, and only 450 casks Carolina. In 1339, 97,000 of East India, and none of Carolina. This, however, was owing to the importation in that year of the rough rice (169,000 bushels) which is now dressed in England. In the year 1840, Liverpool imported 130,000 bushels of paddy from America, and 77,800, bags of cleaned rice from India; showing a decrease on both kinds for that year. In 1837, some qualities of the Indian article sold at 18*s.*, when Carolina was selling at 20*s.* a cwt.; and in 1841, the price of Patna (on the Ganges) cleaned, averaged 20*s.* 6*d.*

Coffee is also another article which is annually increasing in amount of importation and value. It is produced in almost every part of India; and within the last ten years, the beautiful island of Ceylon has been nearly turned into one entire coffee field. The quality of Ceylon coffee has greatly improved lately, and we now find it one of the most saleable varieties in the English market. In 1834 nearly three millions of pounds were sent to England; and in 1840, a Ceylon paper states, "the plantations are in a very thriving condition; waste lands are purchased with great avidity, and the next crop is expected to be a very abundant one." The export from British India to England, in 1834, (exclusive of Ceylon,) was over seven millions of pounds; and in 1840 the gross importations from the same sources (in and out of bond) more than fifteen millions of pounds. In Myers' Mercantile Gazette, of 5th April, 1841, we find "that in the first quarter of this year there had been received into England 63,437 bags and bales, and 1173 casks and tierces, exclusive of 17,132 bags of foreign East India coffee." There is no doubt, when the duty is reduced, as is now contemplated, that the coffee from the East will keep the Brazil and other low kinds out of the market, and that it will continue to improve in its quality, as the demand for it will become more general.

In looking over the government tables, and the price current gazettes, we find, that since the throwing open of the East India trade in 1830, there has been a surprising increase in the importations of all the articles from that quarter of the globe—viz, indigo, jute, (coarse hemp,) hides, horns, raw silk, flaxseed, gums, *wheat flour,* ginger, castor oil of the finest quality, (an article which we also manufacture largely in Virginia,) saltpetre, rapeseed, black pepper, wool, and numerous other articles of great consumption, not only in Europe, but also in our own country. The Journal of Commerce of May 25th, 1841, speaking of the state of the colonial market says, "The increase in the imports from our eastern possessions this year is immense, and seems to indicate that the West India planters have more to fear from that quarter than from foreign competition.—The Bengal indigo has driven the Carolina article out of the market in price and quality; and Europe and America are now principally supplied from thence. We find that the hemp from British India competes with that from Russia and Manilla, and that it is capable of fully supplying the present demand for the article, from the great variety of plants of the genus found in all parts of Asia. The import of hides into Liverpool from India was, in 1835, 367,000, and in 1839, 443,000. The imports of raw silk from India have also augmented very much, I believe, as have the coarser kinds of the manufactured article.* Flax-seeds is also sent in very large quantities. Up to the end of the first quarter of this year, the imports of Indian flax-seed were about a fourth of the whole quantity from all parts—United States, Canada, &c. Wheat flour is also exported for the manufacturing of starch, and we find that in 1835 there was brought into Liverpool 4,800, and in 1837, 18,700 bags from India. Ginger from India is a well-known article in our country; and we find in 1835 the imports into Liverpool were 14,000 pockets and bags, and in 1839, 36,500 of the same packages. Saltpetre in 1835 was 34,300 bags and boxes, and in 1839, 58,000 ditto. In 1837, 500 casks of rum were imported from British into Liverpool, and in the *first quarter* of 1841, we find in the Liverpool Mercantile Gazette of "5th April," 285 puncheons and 835 hogsheads from Bengal and other parts of British India, into the same port.—Pepper is a fluctuating article, but we find in 1835, the imports were 14,000 bags and bales, and in 1839, 24,000 ditto. The wool from the East Indies is of a poor quality, and generally used in the coarser manufactures; such as horse-blankets, &c. The imports in 1839, were over 1,500,000 lbs., and in 1840, 2,441,370 lbs.

Now what are conclusions which are forced upon us by the consideration of these facts? I think it is fully proved by all modern writers on India—1st. That she is amply capable of producing almost any quantity of the very articles which form the principal exports from our southern States. 2d. That she is willing. 3d. That there is abundance of tilled and untilled land. And 4th. That labor is plentiful and cheap.

Reflection on these facts and circumstances must bring to our minds the inquiry—Will the planters of the southern States be able to stand the coming active competition; not only as to *quantity* but as to *quality,* of material? I think it all resolves itself into one simple answer, that they who sell the cheapest of the same article, of whatever variety of merchandise, and no prohibitions in the way, will get the most custom.

I believe it can be safely asserted, that with the present costly system of labor at the South, they will be unable to compete with the East Indies. If we have been able to produce the same article better and cheaper with a rich soil and ingenious machinery, it does not stand to reason, that other countries with the same soil and cheaper labor, may not take advantage of our improvements, and backed by a wealthy company, and encouraged by a powerful government, be able to defy our competition. It is not possible—it is against the very nature of our present system.

I hope the planters of our southern States may not be afraid to ask themselves the question, Can we meet this scarcely to be supposed change? Is it politic, or profitable to continue the present wasteful system of labor any longer? The answer of every candid man who inquires into the subject is, you cannot go on exhausting whole tracts of fertile land by this plan—moving further west every few years, and the original plantations falling back into a fruitless wilderness, (which is the operation at the South,) without ruining yourselves, and the country also.

But perhaps it will be asked by the planters—Suppose we change the system; shall we be able, with free labor, and time-saving machinery, to compete with labor in the East at 13 cents a day? I think this is satisfactorily answered by the fact, that we have at *present* the supplying of the largest quantity of the *two* main articles in which the southern States are *directly* concerned—cotton and tobacco; and that with our ingenuity and skill, free labor at twenty-five cents a day, and a shorter distance, no American can doubt that we shall be able fully to compete with India in cheapness of production. Give America full swing and an open market, and England dreads her more than any other competitor. The very reverse of this is the case at present; continuing in our present system, we shall gaze on the conflict, and tremble for the result.

A few words, and this paper will be brought to a close. It may be supposed that if India entirely supplies Britain with the articles that we now do, she (Britain) will impoverish herself by losing so valuable a market for her manufactures as the United States now is. But a glance at the facts of the case will convince us of the error of such an idea. If England loses seventeen millions of customers in America, she gains one hundred millions in India. It is a fact not generally known (particularly in America,) that the present consumption of British manufacturers in the East Indies is not more than thirteen cents a year for each individual, in the whole population! Jamaica consumes twenty dollars a head, Trinidad thirty dollars, Cape Colony thirty dollars, Australia forty dollars—and India only a New-York shilling! Give justice to India in law and commerce, and how will it stand? At the moderate computation of five dollars a head, she would take to the extent of five hundred millions of British manufactures annually! What an amount to our present consumption of fifty millions of dollars!

The writer of this article has no desire to show his country in the worst of lights, or to exult over her mistakes and errors. Far from it. It has been his aim, in collecting these few, but important facts, to endeavor to show, without excitement, and by a detail of that which cannot be contradicted, the ruinous course of the southern people are now pursuing; and which must certainly involve them in confusion and loss at no distant day. Heartily desiring the substantial and solid prosperity of all classes of his countrymen; and the permanency of her democratic institutions, which he believes are based on truth and excellence, the author of this communication respectfully asks their perusal and consideration, of this *attempt* to lay before them that which concerns them very deeply.

* The Demarara sugar is of a light brown, silky appearance, and is considered the most saleable article in the English market.

† It is said, by late advices, that the export of 1841 will be over 1,800,000 cwt.—62,000 tons.

* Bandana handkerchiefs class as raw silk when undyed.

COMMERCE OF INDIA, AS VIEWED BY A SOUTHERNER.

To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce:—

GENTLEMEN,—It was with no design to show my country in the worst light, or in any degree to exult over her mistakes, that I undertook the *compilation* only of many new and singular facts on the subject of the commerce of the East, and its not improbable influence at no distant day on the exports of our southern States. So contradictory were the accounts which I had received, both here and in a late visit to England, on this subject, that I determined to investigate them for myself, and that if they proved of any value, to present them to my countrymen for their reflection and consideration. In this *attempt* I believe I have succeeded; and I would only say that the *bare facts* are such that it is high time for us to inquire whether our southern planters, and with them the commerce and trade of that section of our country, "can meet the *coming* active competition, not only as to *quantity,* but also as to quality of materials." Any one who will consult the proper authorities and documents, can satisfy himself of what I have no fear of asserting,—the truth of the statements contained in the article in Hunt's Magazine.

The talented editor of the Charleston Mercury has undertaken, in a lengthy editorial in his paper,

—not a contradiction of the numerous facts of the case in point,—but to throw dust in the eyes of his numerous intelligent readers, and endeavor to prevent them from inquiring into the merits of the statements, or in any degree to think of applying a remedy for the difficulties under which the South now labors; the chief of which is slave labor.

The editor of the Mercury does not appear to be aware of the causes which have kept the growth of cotton and other products so much in the hands of our southern planters, and the reasons why India, particularly, has before the year 1837, been unable to compete with them in the European markets.—He begs the question by going into rhapsodies on the oppression of the Hindoos, their ignorance, indolence, destitution, &c., &c., and says—"The English talk of reforming their system and 'giving justice to India.' Pooh! such things have never been reformed but by a revolution." If he means by this, the assertion of the just rights of the Hindoos by a resort to arms, I for one would denounce his advice as the worst that could be given; not not only to the slaves and ryots of India, but to the negro slaves of South Carolina. But if the editor had inquired into the causes of the recent wonderful increase of imports into England of British India products, he would have found them to have arisen—

1st. From the consolidation of the British power in the conquered provinces, and by their large armed forces preventing the numerous chiefs from warring and depredating upon each other; thus securing to the people, peace,—the first element of a nation's prosperity.

2d. The abolition of the trading charter of the East India Company, and the modification of their political powers.

3d. The spread of Education and Christianity.

4th. The reduction in England of the duties on East India produce, such as sugar, cotton, rice, &c. &c.

5th. The stimulus given to the cultivation of the above articles by the high prices in England and on the continent; the recent investments of large amounts of capital by English merchants and agriculturalists; the abolition of the internal transit duties; the removal of the censorship of the press; the introduction of steam on the Ganges, and other rivers, and the opening of the new mail rout to Calcutta via Egypt, which saves 40 days sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, and is not only a great saving to the British Post Office, but one of large profit; and of the greatest convenience to the merchants of England and India.

6th. The exertion of the East India Company to stimulate the cultivation, and to improve the quality of India cotton, by importing American gins and seeds; by granting premiums to individuals who may exhibit the best specimens of that article; and the establishment of numerous Agricultural Societies in each of the Presidencies.

Furthermore I would say, that the English are turning their attention to this subject with an energy that cannot fail to convince the southern planters that they are in earnest, and that through the numerous reforms introduced into the social and political condition of the Hindoos, the competition in cotton, rice, sugar, coffee and tobacco, *has actually* commenced within the walls of the bonded warehouses, and in the actual sales out of bond in the hands of the merchants. To prove which, I submit the following recent facts—for "one *fact* is worth more than a thousand theories." Not one of the English Price Currents which have examined my article, at all doubt the statements "of the sage reviewer whose visionary theories *we hope* may die with him," as the Editor of the Charleston Mercury remarks.

From "The European"—"Myers' Mercantile Gazette"—and "Prince's London Price Current, of August, 1841." Imports of Cotton from the 1st January to 17th August, 1840–41:

	1841.	1840.
From United States, bales,	775,559	1,061,570
From E. India Co.'s Territories,	110,101	95,484

Cotton taken out of bond for home consumption the first seven months of 1840–41.

	1841.	1840.
From United States,	487,570	668,610
From E. I. Company's Territories	74,650	52,619

Exports of Cotton to the Continent from 1st January to 2d August, 1841.

American,	bales,	20,472
Brazilian,	"	1,760
British India,	"	23,715
Other kinds,	"	2,200

This, I believe, is the first instance in which the exports of India cotton have exceeded those of ours. Are these facts not to be pondered on by the planters of the South?

The Editor attempts to be witty at my expense, by saying that I am "a half-bred," and "scared at my own shadow." He is as welcome to his wit, as he is to my fact. In conclusion I would only say, that Hayti still competes with Cuba, Java and Brazil; that she still exports to this country over a million of dollars of produce, and exports in return from us less than she sends away. *The British West Indies are not going to ruin*, as he will find by inquiry that the value of their exports—sugar and coffee—for the present year, will be more valuable than they have been for the last ten years.

A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

We are indebted for the following interesting letter, to one of the most active and efficient abolitionists in Ireland. We thank him heartily for his favor, and accept, with much pleasure, the intimation that we shall hear from him again.

The address to the Irish of this country, which he speaks of, when backed up by "one hundred thousand signatures," will prove a lever that will contribute powerfully toward the overthrow of American slavery.

DEAR FRIEND,—In fulfilment of the adage, "as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend," I take up my pen to tell that I trust the good cause of abolition is not standing still here.

Our valued friend Charles Remond, is, as thou wilt probably have observed by our newspapers, going on capitally—he is really stirring up our population admirably. Since he left this city, where he held six meetings, four in our meeting-house, and two in the Scots' Church, he has held three in Wereford, about seventy miles southerly, five in Waterford, one in New Ross, and three or more in Limerick. In all those places, the interest has been more than sustained; indeed, some meetings were so crowded, that the pressure was inconvenient. I think I have seldom heard a more efficient lecturer than our friend—*he feels his subject*—his soul has entered the horrors of the system—he has not felt the lash and the chain on his own person, but he has felt it mentally for the three millions in your land; and, though he tells only truth, simple truth, yet that is so powerful, that it goes home to every heart. He has pressed the religious view of the subject thoroughly home, and though one or more of your religious bodies have declared, "that slavery as it exists amongst you is not a moral evil," he has shown that it involves a violation of every command of the decalogue—that it of necessity tramples religion under foot; and he left the two statements to be reconciled as best they may.

I am glad to tell thee, too, that the address from the Irish nation to the Irish in America, calling on them to keep clear of all participation in the wicked system which tramples on the rights of three millions of your citizens, and enslaves nearly all the rest, as a natural consequence—is obtaining signatures rapidly. It has now, I think, about 15,000 names, which will, I expect, be 100,000 very shortly; all we want is time, to get millions to it.

You may receive it—the Irish may receive it as the heartfelt address of their countrymen at home. It is really delightful to see the energy of some poor people in obtaining signatures. Two working men brought me in a sheet filled, mostly by silk weavers, and three shillings and one half-penny donations to the cause, given by the signers, in half-pence, pence, &c. A young lad, about thirteen, has been most indefatigable in collecting signatures. I heard the other day, he was going from house to house in the more genteel neighborhoods, rapping at hall doors, requesting the signatures of the occupiers;—the other day he came for five sheets more. He told me he was going to school the next week, and that before he went he must do all he could to help to liberate the slaves. I asked him if he met any refusals.—He said none, except from grocers, and that they declined for fear of its making sugar dearer; and that he said to such, "he did not think it would make sugar dearer, but that if we had to pay a penny a pound more for it, was that any reason for upholding slavery?" I relate the case of this child, as a sample of a spirit which I trust is growing up here, and will, I hope, continue to extend, until you powerfully feel its influence.

Another young man brought me in four sheets, containing, amongst other names, those of forty-three Roman Catholic clergymen, of whom one is a bishop, and eleven parish priests. He further adds, "Josiah Foster, of Sword County, Dublin (in the second column,) is a gentleman who was a slaveholder for thirty years and upwards, and most willingly signed. James Fitzeustace Foster is his son, a child, and is mentioned in the Rev. Mr. Birmingham's memoir of the Rev. Theobald Mathew, as the child whom Father Mathew took so much notice of on one of the days in which he (Father M.) was administering the pledge in Dublin, at the Custom House." So much for teetotalism—it will bring children onward to feel strongly for their fellowmen, whether in the degrading thraldom of drunkenness, or in the chains and shackles of the slave.

The Bazaar effort (contributions for the approaching Boston Bazaar) goes on encouragingly; many of our female anti-slavery friends are, I am glad to say, at work.

It may be well to let your religious professors of all classes know, that a sifting awaits them here as regards their abolition principles, and that if they are not prepared to come up to the point of slavery "being opposed to the divine law, and of consequence a sin against God," they will only get into a nest of hornets in this quarter. One who is here now, is getting a severe *catechising*,—but of this, more another time.

Thine sincerely,

AN IRISH FRIEND.

Dublin, 3d of 7th mo. 1841.

IRISH REFORM.

The following comes from Mississippi. How dare they preach such doctrines? Do they forget it is not safe for them to praise resistance to oppression? They, too, have Cyclops that may one day forge thunder.

Ireland.—This "gem of the sea" is now agitated by the repeal question as with the shock of battle. Immense meetings are being held in every city and county, and it is remarked that they are accompanied with no outbreaks, riot or disorder. A stern determination to insist upon their rights, and submit to postponement no longer, prevails every where.—Success! success to the gallant nation. The iron hoof of England has too long crushed her down.—Though contributing her blood on every hard-fought field, to establish the power of her oppressor, and shedding the lustre of her genius, in floods of light, on English literature, her shamrock, once as green as the emerald itself, has faded and withered in the fatal embrace. Her minstrel harp lies broken; her baronial halls deserted; tears stain the cheeks of her blue-eyed daughters; and the noblest peasantry in the world, the gayest, the wittiest, the most generous and buoyant, stands drooping and broken-hearted over the lost fortunes of their country. But the curtain is about to rise, and who can tell whether the next of the drama will be one burst of glorious sunlight, or a scene of gloom and blood? The lion voice of an uproused nation is on the breeze; its low and solemn tones fall upon the ear as the stormy dirge of the ocean, and soon we shall hear the gratulations of freemen, rejoicing in their answered prayers for "Reform and Repeal;" or the "earthquake shout of victory." The wild hurrah that rose from Irish hearts, above the clash of steel, at Badajoz and Waterloo, will ring, like the fall of a giant's armor, throughout England—*England* herself, formidable to all the world, reeling under the Vulcan-like blows of the Chartists! her *own* Cyclops that are forging *thunders* in their mothers' womb!—*Natchez Free Trader.*

A, B, C, of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT

ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. You know that abolitionists are universally accused of wishing to promote the amalgamation of colored and white people.

Answer. This is a false charge, got up by the enemies of the cause, and used as a bugbear to increase the prejudices of the community. By the hue and cry that is raised on the subject, one would really suppose that in this free country a certain set of men had power to compel their neighbors to marry, contrary to their own inclination. The abolitionists have never, by example, writing, or conversation, endeavored to connect amalgamation with the subject of abolition. When their enemies insist upon urging this silly and unfounded objection, they content themselves with replying, "If there be a natural antipathy between the races, the antipathy will protect itself. If such marriages are contrary to the order of Providence, we certainly may trust Providence to take care of the matter. It is a poor compliment to the white young men to be so afraid that the moment we allow the colored ones to be educated, the girls will all be running after them."

At a town meeting in New Hampshire, one of the citizens rose to say that he did not approve of admitting colored lads into the school. "If you suffer these people to be educated," said he, "the first thing we shall know, they will be marrying our daughters!" After some other remarks, he concluded by saying, "It is impossible for the colored and white race to live together in a kind social relation—there is a natural antipathy—they cannot be made to mix any better than oil and water." A plain farmer replied, "I thought you said just now, that you was afraid that they'd marry our *darters*; if they won't mix any better than *ile* and water, what are you afraid of?" Any one who observes the infinite variety of shadings in the complexions of the colored people, will perceive that amalgamation has for a long time been carried on. The only justification that the apologist for slavery can give is, that it is not sanctioned by marriage. According to southern laws, every child must follow the condition of its *mother*; that is, if the mother is a slave, her offspring must be so likewise. If they would change one word, and say the child shall follow the condition of its *father*, a large proportion of their slaves would be free at once; and the others would soon become so, provided no new cargoes were in the mean time smuggled in from Africa. On this subject, the truth is briefly told in a juvenile couplet, viz.

"By universal emancipation,
We want to *stop* amalgamation."

Q. Is there any truth in the charge that you wish to break down all distinctions of society, and introduce the negroes into our parlors?

A. There is not the slightest truth in this charge. People have pointed to an ignorant shoe-black, and asked me whether I would invite him to visit my house. I answered, "No; I would not do so if he were a white man; and I should not be likely to do it, merely because he was black." An educated person will not naturally like to associate with one who is grossly ignorant. It may be no merit in one that he is well-informed, and no fault of the other that he is ignorant; for these things may be the result of circumstances, over which the individual had no control; but such people will not choose each other's society, merely from want of sympathy. For these reasons, I would not select an ignorant man, of any complexion, for my companion; but when you ask me whether that man's children shall have as fair a chance as my own, to obtain an education, and rise in the world, I should be ashamed of myself, both as a Christian and a republican, if I did not say, yes, with all my heart.

Q. But do you believe that prejudice against color ever can be overcome?

A. Yes, I do; because I have faith that all things will pass away, which are not founded in reason and justice. In France and England, this prejudice scarcely exists at all. Their noblemen, would never dream of taking offence because a colored gentleman sat beside them in a stage-coach, or at the table of an hotel. Be assured, however, that the abolitionists have not the slightest wish to force you to give up this prejudice. If, after conscientious examination, you believe it to be right, cherish it; but do not adhere to it merely because your neighbors do.—Look it in the face—apply the golden rule—and judge for yourself. The Mahometans really think they could not eat at the same table with a Christian, without pollution, but I have no doubt the time will come when this prejudice will be removed. The old feudal nobles of England would not have thought it possible that their descendants could live in a community, where they and their vassals were on a perfect civil equality; yet the apparent impossibility has come to pass, with advantage to many, and injury to none. When we endeavor to conform to the spirit of the gospel, there is never any danger that it will not lead us into the paths of peace.

Q. But they say your measures are unconstitutional.

A. Is it unconstitutional to talk, and write, and publish on any subject, particularly one in which the welfare and character of the country are so deeply involved? This is all the abolitionists have ever done; it is all they have ever desired to do. Nobody disputes that Congress has constitutional power to abolish slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia. That District belongs in common to all the States, and each of them has an interest in the slaves there. The public prisons of that District, built *with the money of the whole people* of the United States, are used for the benefit of slave traders, and the groaning victims of this detestable traffic are kept confined within their walls. The keepers of these prisons, *paid with the money of the people*, act as jailors to these slave traders, until their gang of human brutes can be completed. When we are acting as accomplices in all this, have we no right to petition for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade *there?* I do not see how any conscientious man can help believing it to be a solemn duty.

Communications.

THE EASTERN RAILROAD.

LYNN, 10 mo. 3d, 1841.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Our usually peaceful and quiet town has been thrown into a state of great excitement, by the outrageous conduct of the Eastern Railroad Company, in ejecting from their cars at the Lynn Depot, our worthy friend John A. Collins, and Frederic Douglass, on the 28th of last month. There is a committee chosen to lay the particulars before the public in a few days. Therefore, suffice it to say that Douglass was thrown out for no other reason than that God, in his wisdom, had given him a skin darker than the majority of American citizens; and Collins was ejected merely for remonstrating against the ungodly rule.

On the night of the 30th, another man was cast out at the East Boston Depot, for the same crime of, a colored skin. Dr. Mann and J. P. Bishop, of Boston, protested against such proceedings; whereupon some of them began to call out, "They are abolitionists, damn 'em, out with 'em!" and they were put out with violence more characteristic of brutes than men.

Such gross violations of the rights of citizens have roused the people to inquire, whether our Legislature has really chartered a Company, with power to carry out their own aristocratic, and pro-slavery prejudices with mob violence. We have held three public meetings at Lynn, one in the Universalist Church, and two in the Christian. They were filled to overflowing. Resolutions were passed, condemning such savage conduct in the strongest language; and it was determined to send a petition to the next Legislature, to interpose its authority to protect the people from such insults in future.

This is no longer a question affecting the colored people exclusively; men and women are to be proscribed for opinion, as well as for complexion. We are required to look on with silent acquiescence, while deeds, which would disgrace despots and savages, are performed by professed republicans and Christians; and if we dare to utter one word, expressive of the indignation burning in our souls, we, too, are to be thrust out of public conveyances, with as little ceremony as would be shown toward a criminal.

This is carrying out pro-slavery at the North with a vengeance!

Let it be observed that this murderous prejudice, in reality, exists against *condition* more than against *color*. Perhaps no part of the country is more deeply afflicted with the disease, of colorphobia than Salem; yet, when Prince Saunders visited that city a few years ago, he dined at Judge Putnam's, and was invited to various parties given by the *elite* of the citizens, while the ladies whom he met were never heard to utter any expressions of horror at this equality of social intercourse. How came this to pass? Prince Saunders was as black as Egyptian darkness; but he was an officer of the Haytien government, wore a cockade and other badges of rank, took a suit of rooms at the Coffee House, and brought servants with him. But if an intelligent American citizen, respectable in dress and manner, happens to be [illegible] of tobacco leaf, the sensibilities of these same people are dreadfully shocked, if he attempts to enter the same public conveyance with themselves! *Slaves* can travel beside their masters in all our public vehicles, without offending northern nerves; why, then, is such a fuss made about colored *freemen?* Our merchants and sea-captains can trade with Africans for gold-dust and ivory, in exchange for rum and trinkets; they do not shudder at striking hands for such profitable bargains; how is it that they bear such hatred to the colored man in their own country? The plain truth is, it arises from contempt for their *condition*. McDuffie, in his memorable message to the South Carolina Legislature, said, "When society becomes consolidated at the North, the laborers will become the property of the capitalists." New England is not yet prepared for such a state of things; but these railroad indications imply a rapid approach toward this predicted, "consolidation of society." It is astonishing that any man who labors for a living, should, for a moment, countenance such attempts to carry out the principles of slavery at the North.

I am not one of those who like an uproar; but I never fear it, where there is something to be gained for the cause of truth. I am convinced that the agitation growing out of these incidents will do much good. In Lynn, it has been the means of bringing new converts to our cause; and even in Salem, where it has seemed as if nothing short of Almighty judgments could wake them from their guilty slumbers, the people are roused into active discussion. Indeed, every where I go, I hear men and women talking of these shameful transactions. I rejoice in this; because I believe all investigation of principles tends to show us more and more clearly, that mankind are brothers of one blood, and heirs of the same hope. The time is coming when a more liberal culture will give men larger views of duty, a more comprehensive understanding of the Christian dispensation. By degrees will all these painful discrepancies be reconciled; no vulgar prejudice shall check the free flow of brotherly love; all nations, classes, sects, and colors shall be gathered into one fold of fraternal blessing; and the human Soul shall receive that reverence which God intended, when he sent it forth from his own bosom to dwell in Space and work in Time.

Thine, for impartial liberty,

JAMES N. BUFFUM.

ANNUAL REPORT

Of the Board of Managers of the Union Free-Produce Society of Chester County, Pa., adopted, 8 mo. 1841.

It now becomes our duty to present our Annual Report, and though we have not much to communicate in relation to our local operations, yet there are some passing events, which it may be well to throw before our minds. The Board have continued to meet, from time to time, and take cognizance of such events as seemed to demand their attention. They have according to requisition, published a proposed change or alteration in our Constitution—there has also been ten dollars of the funds of the Society appropriated to defray our portion of the expense incurred by holding the Annual Meeting of the American Free-Produce Society, in the 10th month last.

In the prosecution of our enterprise, we have been renewedly convinced that our work is one of great importance—that it is not the work of a day or a year, but that we ought to enter the moral and practical field with an energy and zeal commensurate with the enormity of the evil complained of.

The more complicated the disease of the human system, and the nearer it approximates to a mortal character—the more indefatigable will be the efforts of the skilful physician,—thus it is with the system of slavery; it has become so incorporated and interwoven in every department of society, that it will require a powerful antidote, *speedily* to remove it. As the desire for gain, gives the strongest impulse to the oppressor to continue the system, and its legitimate effect is to reduce human being to "chattels-personal;" the practice of the principle of abstinence, is at once a certain and efficient remedy. But while we urge upon the mind of every friend of humanity, the great necessity of embracing this principle as an *important part* of their measures; we would, in like manner, say unto them do this, and leave *not* the other undone.

The great extent to which this principle has prevailed in various parts of the world, is ominous that a better day has dawned.

The deep interest which many of the inhabitants of Great Britain have manifested in the subject, with a two-fold object in view—the one of diffusing the principles of justice and equity, with a knowledge of the arts and sciences, throughout the wide expanse of British India;—the other, to furnish their manufactories with a supply of raw material unstained with the blood of their fellow—and their markets with other produce, which is well adapted to the soil and climate of that region;—are events calculated to inspire every mind with the cheering hope that the sun is about to appear above our *moral* horizon, beneath whose meridian rays *every* yoke shall be broken and the oppressed go free.

The facts and circumstances which have already been disclosed are creating a disposition of inquiry on the part of American slaveholders. Now, if England refuses their blood-stained produce, should we not be encouraged to perseverance in efforts to make *universal* the *resolution*, to touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing. The increased demand for articles obtained by the labor of freemen, as well as the increased attention given to the subject, is an evidence that the efforts of the friends to liberty have *not* been in vain; but that they have already been crowned with a reasonable share of success. But, while we witness the prosperity of our cause, let none grow weary in well doing and cease to be the faithful, uncompromising friends to human liberty; nor evince that the things of this world have a deeper place in our hearts than the cries, the groans, and the lamentations of the perishing bondman. Let us remember that the reward was pronounced upon the faithful, and upon those who hold out to the end. Although many obstacles may present to the view of the practical believer, yet in proportion as each individual approximates towards the acme of perfection, in the same ratio will be the effect produced in the aggregate.

Although some, who are prepared to admit the correctness of our position, may say, their efforts constitute but a moiety, yet we would remind them that each individual comprises an integral part of the great whole—hence every one possesses the power to do *something*; and just in proportion as they are devoted to the good work, will be the effects produced by their labors.

Let us then not relax our efforts, but gird anew for the conflict, feeling the assurance that if we are not permitted *fully* to realize the blessings of *perfect* liberty, we will have the evidence that we obeyed the injunction; "be ye not partakers of other men's sins."

WINDHAM COUNTY (CONN.) A. S. SOCIETY.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 3d, 1841.

At an adjourned meeting of the Windham County (Connecticut) Anti-Slavery Society, held at Willimantic, Wednesday, September 29th, 1841, the following resolutions were adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That in case of an insurrection of slaves, for the attainment of liberty, we believe, in the language of an alarmed slaveholder, that there is no attribute of the Almighty that can take sides with the oppressor, and therefore we will never arm ourselves for his defence, nor enlist our power to crush the insurgent bondmen.

Resolved, That as a proper and efficient mode of combating prejudice against color, we recommend to such abolitionists as believe it right for them to patronise a church, a railroad, or any thing else, where a separate place is appropriated for the colored man, that they identify themselves with the injured party, and occupy, with their abused brother, the station assigned for him.

Resolved, That the tyranny of the South is not merely waging war upon the rights of the negro race, but is also aiming to destroy the inalienable freedom of universal man; not only trampling to the dust the African slave, but with ruthless hand invading the altar of American liberty; breaking down the wall of defence that should protect the birthright immunities of Yankee freemen.

Resolved, That the emancipation of our enslaved countrymen will necessarily be followed by their enlightenment, by science and revelation.

EDWIN SCARBOROUGH, *Sec'y.*

A DREAM.

After the toils and the cares of the day were over, I seated myself, the other evening, in my arm-chair, by the side of a good fire, and soon became much interested with the contents of an anti-slavery newspaper. I continued reading, till I became drowsy; and, finally, fell fast asleep in my chair. I dreamed that I was travelling through the country, in order to collect facts, to store my mind with knowledge, and ascertain, from personal observation, the true character of the people. I beheld many things in a very different light from that in which they are generally viewed.

In my travels, I came to Staten Island, which lies in the bay, between New Jersey and the west end of Long Island, not far from the great city of New-York. The inhabitants of Staten Island, I found were all thieves and robbers. They were in the constant practice of making depredations upon the inhabitants of New-Jersey. In fact, there did not appear to be any other business carried on upon the Island. The inhabitants of New-Jersey seemed to be a very peaceable, inoffensive set of people; laborious in their habits, and simple in their manners; I observed that they stood in great fear of their unprincipled neighbors. Although they beheld the fruits of their labor daily wrested from them, by these avaricious and unfeeling men, yet they never sought redress for their wrongs, and the voice of complaint, or threats of retaliation, were never heard among them. To all the acts of injustice and inhumanity practised against them, they submitted with patience and fortitude. The booty which the Staten-Islanders obtained from New-Jersey, they carried over to Long-Island and sold: for *there* they always found a ready market for all their ill-gotten gains. Indeed many of the Long-Island people were carrying on an extensive and profitable trade, in these stolen goods. They bought of these free-booters, large droves of horses, cattle, and sheep, and sent them to the eastern States.—And, besides making use of quantities of these goods themselves, they freighted many vessels with grain, and other articles, and sent them to distant parts of the world. In short, many of the Long-Island merchants had become rich by this species of commerce; totally disregardful of the poor injured people of New-Jersey, whose labor furnished the means of their luxury and wealth.

I observed that some of the inhabitants of Long-Island disapproved of the conduct of the Staten-Island people; and were very loud and zealous in condemning their dishonest practices. They told them it was unjust, anti-christian, and wicked, to take any other people's property, by fraud and violence, as they did; that they had much better go to work, and support themselves by honest means, than to be living upon the unrequitted labor of others; and that no good man would ever be found in the pursuit of such nefarious business.

These remarks greatly displeased the Staten-Island people; and they would listen no longer to such impertinent and fanatical speeches. They told the Long-Islanders they had much better be quiet, and mind their own business, than to be intermeddling with the private concerns and domestic institutions of other people: that the charges made against them, were an insult cast upon the honor and character of their community; and would be resented, by them, as became a chivalrous and high-minded people: and that if the preachers of such doctrines should ever be found on Staten-Island, they would, most certainly, be punished as they deserved. They declared, most strenuously, "that they were pursuing a lawful, and honorable business;—a business, in which their fathers before them, had always been engaged, and which they themselves, intended to follow as long as they lived. They said, they understood no other business; and how were they to live, if they abandoned their present mode of life? As to the silly notion of its being unjust that was all nonsense. The New-Jersey people were such an ignorant, stupid race of beings, that they knew nothing about taking care of their own property; and it was, therefore, no harm to take it from them. Indeed, it was an act of kindness; for it relieved them of a great deal of care and trouble. Besides, the New-Jersey people had green eyebrows; and *that* was sufficient evidence that they were created for no higher station in life than that which they occupied. A man with green eyebrows could never be made capable of having the control of his own property; nor could he ever become qualified to enjoy the privileges possessed by other men. And further, if to take property, from those people, as we do, is so unjust and wicked, as you say it is, why do you of Long-Island, so willingly *buy* those goods of us? You know very well in what manner we obtain them.—If they are *stolen* goods, are not you the *receivers* of them? Do you not freely buy, and sell, and make use of them? Are you not, therefore, encouraging and abetting us, in what you are pleased to call our *villainous practices?* Strictly speaking, are we not your agents in what you term "nefarious business?" Perhaps you had better wash your *own* hands in innocency, before you criminate *us* too strongly."

Just then a carriage passed the house, a dog in the kitchen began to bark, and I instantly awoke. B.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XXXVIII.

A colored woman, who was a slave to a person residing in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, left his service and went to Philadelphia, where she married a free man by the name of Abraham Morris. She lived in that city several years with her husband. They had things comfortable about them, and appeared to enjoy life as much as their more wealthy neighbors. But this happy state was not of long duration. Her master by some means discovered where she was, and in the year 1810, sent a man duly authorized to arrest, and either sell her or take her home. He proceeded to Philadelphia and apprehended the woman. Abraham Morris was an intelligent, industrious man, and had by him some money. He applied one hundred and fifty dollars of it to redeem his wife from bondage. The parties applied to Daniel Bussier, a magistrate in the district of Southwark, Philadelphia, to draw up a manumission. The money was paid, the manumission duly executed, and the business settled satisfactorily to all parties. But the man entrusted to arrest and sell the woman, put the amount he received for her into his own pocket, and absconded.

About six or eight months afterwards, the master of the woman not hearing from his agent, went to Philadelphia, and had her again arrested. She was taken to the magistrate who had, a few months before, witnessed the deed of manumission, and he committed her to prison as a fugitive slave. Abraham Morris now called upon me, for the first time, and related what had occurred. I concluded there must be some mistake in the account he gave. I could not believe that any magistrate would conduct so arbitrarily, as to commit a person to prison under such circumstances. I went with the man to inquire into the matter. On arriving at the office of the magistrate, I found him under the hands of a barber, who was dressing his hair. I politely accosted him, and told him I had called to make inquiry respecting the woman he had committed to prison the previous evening, as a slave. He replied that he wanted nothing to do with me, and ordered me out of his office. I informed him that I had come there at the request of her husband, and as his friend and adviser; and I hoped he would not refuse to grant my reasonable request. He again ordered me to leave his office. I then took half a dollar from my pocket and offered it to him, telling him that I wanted an extract from his docket. By this time, he had become a good deal irritated, and informed me that if I would not leave his office, as soon as he took the seat of justice, he would put me out. I replied, I wished he would take the seat of justice, for then I should get what I wanted; but [illegible] thought it likely it would be for the first time. He sprang from his chair and fixed himself on a stool by his desk, which was raised about a foot above the floor, and surrounded by a railing; and in an authoritative tone of voice, said, "Mr. Hopper, I order you to leave my office." I again offered him the half dollar; saying, "I want an extract from thy docket, in the case of this man's wife;" pointing to Abraham Morris.—"Please give it to me; here is the money to pay for it." He then stepped down, took me by the shoulders, pushed me into the street, and shut the door.

I made application to Richard Renshaw, also a magistrate in the district of Southwark, and procured a warrant for assault and battery. The officer sent to serve it soon returned to Justice Renshaw's, bringing with him 'Squire Bussier, exceedingly enraged. He charged Renshaw with a want of courtesy, and conducted himself so rudely that Renshaw threatened to commit him for contempt. After he had moderated a little, he entered into recognizance to appear at court to answer for his conduct.

This being done, I made application to Jacob Rush, President of the Court of Common Pleas, for a habeas corpus. The woman being brought before him, the case explained, and the documents relating to it exhibited, she was discharged, to the great joy of herself and husband.

Bussier was an illiterate, vain man, and I thought it might be of service to him and the community to convince him that limits were set to his authority, which he could not safely pass. When the grand jury met at the succeeding sessions, I appeared before them, and notwithstanding the barber also appeared as a witness, and testified for Bussier, he was indicted. The next day, after the bill was found, the attorney for the commonwealth sent for me to come to his office. He informed me that he had investigated the business in relation to my charge against Bussier, and had come to the conclusion that I had better not prosecute it any further. I asked him if he had any other business with me. He replied he had not. I informed him that when I wanted his advice I would ask him for it, and turned to come away. As I was about leaving his office, he told me it would not be necessary for me to attend court, as he would let me know when the trial would come on. The sessions, however, passed over, and I was not sent for. Upon inquiring of the attorney, how this happened, he informed me that the case was not reached. At the commencement of the next term, I attended, and reminded the court that Daniel Bussier had been indicted at the preceding term, for gross misconduct in the exercise of his office as a magistrate; and that the attorney for the commonwealth had promised to let me know when the trial would come on, but I had not heard from him; that since the court had adjourned, I had inquired the reason why I had not been sent for, and was informed the case was not reached. I wished to know when it would be proper for me to attend. The court were surprised at this information, and said they had no knowledge of any business being continued from the preceding term. They inquired of the attorney how the matter stood. He said that he was then much engaged, but he would explain the business presently. They requested that I would attend the next day.

The next morning, I received a note from the attorney, saying he wished to see me at his office; but as I had been deceived by him, I declined going there. I informed him, by the bearer of his note, that if he had business with me, I could be seen at home; accordingly, he very soon called upon me, in company with 'Squire Bussier, who apologized for his conduct, and assured me that he deeply regretted it. Upon his doing so, I consented that the case should be dismissed, he paying the costs.

When a fugitive slave was taken before a magistrate, and discharged for want of proof, or other cause, he received no pay; but if the person was adjudged a slave, and surrendered to his claimant, the magistrate usually charged not less than five dollars, and in divers instances I have known them to receive ten, and sometimes more; for this reason, some of them, who were not over conscientious, were glad of the opportunity of delivering them to the claimant.

The attorney for the Commonwealth and Daniel Bussier were strong political friends; hence his efforts to have the matter accommodated without going to court, and by that means save his friend from exposure.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1841.



A MORAL STANDARD.

Among the many causes which tend to produce mistakes and disorders in this topsy-turvy world, few are more powerful than the habit of fashioning our opinions by another's standard—of looking outward, instead of inward, for our guide. The rarest of rare things, is to see man or woman, who stand on their own feet, without trembling, or seizing hold of flag-staffs, as if the platform was sliding away beneath them. Of those who seem to stand, the greater proportion do so because they are propped up by the crowd, into which they have edged themselves.

Few men ask, concerning right and wrong, of their own hearts; few listen reverently to the oracle within, which can be heard only in the stillness. The merchant seeks his moral standard on 'Change—a fitting name for a thing so fluctuating; the sectarian, in the opinion of his small, theological department; the politician, in the tumultuous echo of his party; the worldling, in the buzz of saloons. In a word, each man inquires of *his* public; what wonder, then, that the answers are selfish as trading interest, blind as local prejudice, and various as human whim?

A German drawing-master once told me of a lad, who would fain have learned to sketch landscapes from nature. In order to teach him the necessary rules of perspective, he had told him the first object was to choose a *fixed point of view*, from which all his lines could diverge, as from a common centre. The sagacious youth chose a cow, grazing beneath the trees; but his "fixed point" soon began to move hither and thither, according to the sweetness of the pasturage, and his lines fell into strange confusion; insomuch that all objects toppled and tumbled, and nought stood in its place.

This is a correct type of those who choose public opinion for their moral fixed point of view. It moves according to the provender before it, and those who trust to it, have but a whirling and distorted landscape.

In a republic, like our own, the difficulty of resisting this outward tendency is increased a hundred fold. Here public opinion is almost an unmitigated despotism.—Every man fears his neighbor; and to be peculiar is to be insane. In all ages and countries, it is more or less so; and in all ages, reformers have simply been men who strove resolutely to look at the fluctuating tide of things by the unchanging light of truth, as revealed in their own souls; the multitude always deem them crazy, because they alone perceive that the sun does not revolve around the earth, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. Hence the early Christians were charged with madness; and the early Quakers,—who, next to the apostles, have been appointed to do the greatest share in bringing this inverted world right side up,—were deemed almost as mad, in Charles' time, as Paul was among the Ephesians.

Look at the early history of the Society of Friends, and tell me how it was, that, with the same gospel before them, they were so miraculously in advance of all christendom, with respect to those great moral principles, which are now arresting the attention of the good throughout the world? Half a century before other sects thought of it, even as a matter of discussion, they allowed no slaveholder, no distiller, no rum-seller, no warrior, no privateer, within their fold. Why was it so? They were listening to the *inward*, not to the outward; and the answers were as clear as God's voice, and as unchanging as His laws.

It is the opposite tendency in education which produces such confusion in ideas of right and wrong; which leads people to think that expediency and right are antagonist powers; and that the voice of the majority is the voice of God. Hence, the present entanglement concerning government and laws. Human laws are reverenced so long as they are in accordance with the divine; when they cease to be so, they may still be feared, but they are no longer sacred.

Young people hear a distinction made between things legally right, and morally right. The distinction puzzles them; and any attempt to become reconciled thereto has the same effect on their moral vision, that the growing veil of the cataract has on the natural eye.

Public opinion once sanctioned the slave trade, and that opinion embodied itself in law. The multitude, ever prone to look outward, maintained that the trade was right, because sustained by law. The few, who look inward to the immutable standard, saw plainly enough that no laws could make that right, which was in its own nature wrong. Their mission was to reverse public opinion, and do for the slave *trade*, what we are now striving to do for *slavery*. They fulfilled their work; for the moral sense of the world now denounces that traffic as piracy. Yet were the men who made fortunes by it less guilty than those who are now hung for it?

These discrepancies and changes come only from looking at the outward for our guide. The world's perspective will always be a mass of tangled and changing lines, so long as a grazing cow is chosen as a fixed point of view.—L. M. C.

SOMETHING WORTH THINKING OF.

A few years ago, when every body asked, "What have you abolitionists done?" somebody (we do not now recollect who it was) made a comparison between the amount of money expended in the anti-slavery cause, and the number of slaves known to have been emancipated directly through the influence of abolitionists, or their publications; from which it appeared, that if the same sum had been laid out in the purchase of slaves, at the market price, for the purpose of setting them free, a smaller number would have been emancipated than had received the boon of liberty through "the foolishness of preaching." A similar calculation at the present time would doubtless show the same results. This is a highly instructive fact; and when it is considered, that we are now rapidly preparing the way for a general emancipation; while by purchasing a few slaves, and thus recognizing the right of property in man, we should be likely to strengthen the bonds of the mass, we think every candid mind will at once perceive that our course is sanctioned by expediency and dictated by the soundest wisdom.

The case of Charles Marriott was again discussed in the monthly meeting held in this city last week, but without coming to any definite conclusion. The further consideration of it was referred to the next meeting.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 9.

Last week we went to Ravenswood, to visit Grant Thorburn's famous garden. We left the city by Hell-gate; a name not altogether inappropriate for an entrance to New-York. The waters, though somewhat troubled and peevish, were more composed than I had expected. This was owing to the high tide; and it reminded me of Washington Irving's description: "Hell-gate is as pacific at low water as any other stream; as the tide rises, it begins to fret; at half tide it rages and roars, as if bellowing for more water; but when the tide is full, it relapses again into quiet, and for a time seems to sleep almost as soundly as an alderman after dinner. It may be compared to an inveterate drinker, who is a peaceful fellow enough when he has no liquor at all, or when he is skin-full; but when half seas-over, plays the very devil." One of the steam ferry-boats that crosses this turbulent passage, is appropriately called the Pluto; an agency peculiarly desirable to all who would enter New-York. It is odd, is it not, that the same deity should preside over Riches and over Hell; and the god of Commerce is likewise the god of Lies? The ancients had far-seeing significance in this arrangement.

The garden at Ravenswood is well worth seeing. An admirable green-house, full of choice plants; extensive and varied walks, neatly kept; and nearly three thousand dahlias in full bloom—the choicest specimens, with every variety of shade and hue; and a catalogue of great names, from Lord Wellington to Kate Nickleby and Grace Darling. I never saw any floral exhibition more superb. They stood facing each other in regal groups, as if the court beauties of a coronation ball had been suddenly changed into blossoms by an enchanter's wand. The location of the garden is beautiful; in some places opening upon pretty rural scenes of wood and pasture, and fronting on the broad blue river, where, ever and anon, may be seen, through the intervening foliage, some little boat, or sloop with snowy sail, gliding gracefully along in silence and sunlight.

Grant Thorburn, you know, of course; that little "spunk o' geni, in a rickety tabernacle," on whose history Galt built his Lawrie Todd. The story derived small aid from fiction; the first volume being almost literally Grant Thorburn's history, as he tells it himself. To be sure, he never pushed into the wilderness, to lay out "Judiville," or any other new town. Though Ravenswood has grown up around him, and the tasteful name is of his own choosing, he never could have endured many of the hardships of a pioneer; for the villiage lies on the East River, a little south of Hallet's Cove, not more than five miles from the city. The name came from the Bride of Lanmermoor; for though a strict adherant of Scotland's kirk, he is a great admirer of Sir Walter's romances. The pleasant old gentleman returned in the boat with us, and was highly communicative; for, in the first place, he loves to talk of himself and his adventures, with the innocent and inoffensive egotism of a little child; and in the next place, he favors Boston ladies, having a pleased recollection of the great attention paid him there. He told us he was born near St. Leonard's Crags, and in his boyhood was accustomed to pass Jeanie Dean's cottage frequently. His grandfather was alive and stirring at the time of the Porteous mob, and he had heard him recount the leading incidents in the heart of Mid Lothian a thousand times. I was charmed to hear him recite, in the pure Scotch accent, Jeanie's eloquent and pathetic appeal to the Queen. Speaking of Scott's fidelity to the national character, I asked him if he had not often met with a Dandie Dinmont; he replied, "Yes, and with Dumbiedikes, too; but much oftener with a "douce Davie Deans."

From some remarks in the old gentleman's autobiography, I misdoubted that he might be gifted in polemical skill. I forbore to waken his Presbyterian zeal, as you may well suppose; for you know that a blister of Spanish flies is at any time more agreeable to me, than a dose of doctrine, or a whiff of theological controversy, of any sort. But I was pleased to hear him talk of Dr. Mason, "that vehement dresser of the Lord's vineyard, in Cedar street," New-York; under whose powerful preaching, Rebecca, the sainted love of his early youth, was first gathered into the fold of Christ. On this subject, he told a "merry toy," as Jeremy Taylor would call it. It was quite characteristic; for Grant Thorburn constantly reminds one of what Baillie Waft said to Lawrie; "Ye will hae your jokes, come what may. Ye're a funny man—oh, but ye're very funny, Mr. Todd."

"The minister and I had been indulging in some jocularity together," said he; "and as I came across him with a home-thrust, he looked down upon me, and said, in his pleasant way, 'Be done, you little mortal! if you don't, I'll take you up and put you in my pocket.' 'An if ye do,' said I, 'ye'll hae mair sound sense in your pocket, than ever ye had in your big head.'"

Lawrie Todd is very true to the life; yet is slightly embellished with fictitious garniture, like a veritable portrait in masquerade-dress. The old gentleman's love of matter of fact led him to publish a biographical sketch of himself; which, so far as it goes, is almost in the identical language used by Galt; both being in fact the very words in which he has been long accustomed to repeat his story. Another motive for giving an unadorned account of himself in his little book, probably was the very natural and not unpleasing propensity of an old man, to trace step by step the adventures and efforts whereby he fashioned such a flowery fortune from the barren sands.

The handsome country-seats of himself and son, standing side by side in the midst of this spacious and beautiful garden; urns supported by Cupids, (which they say in Yankee land should be called Cupidities;) and oriental glimpses, here and there, of some verdant mound among the winding walks, surmounted by the tufted Sago Palm, or spreading Cactus; all this contrasted oddly enough with his own account of himself, as a diminutive Scotch lad, with "brief legs and shuffling feet," squatted down on the deck of the emigrant ship which brought him here, poor and friendless, in 1794. He thus describes himself, helping the colored cook to prepare dinner, when they first drew near the wharves of New-York; "I sat down with Cato, as he was called, square on the deck, his feet against my feet, with a wooden bowl of potatoes between our legs, and began to scrape off the skins. While thus employed, a boat came alongside with several visiters. One inquired for a farmer's servant, wishing to engage one; another for a housemaid; and the third, thanks be and praise! asked if there was a nail-maker on board. My greedy ear snapped the word, and looking up, I answered, 'I am one.' 'You!' replied he, looking down as if I was a fairy; 'You! can you make nails?' 'I'll wager a sixpence,' (all I had) was my answer, 'that I'll make more nails in one day than any man in America.' This reply, the manner of it, and the figure of the bragger, set all present into a roar of laughter."

A curious sample of Scotch thrift was shown when he first opened a little shop, without capital to buy stock.— Brick-bats, covered with iron monger's paper, with a knife or fork tied on the outside, were ranged on the shelves like an imposing array of new cutlery; and a dozen snuff boxes, or shaving boxes, made a great show, fastened on round junks of wood.

"But although it must be allowed that this was a clever and innocent artifice," says Lawrie Todd, "yet, like other dealers in the devices of cunning, I had not been circumspect at all points; for by mistake, I happened to tie a round shaving box on a brick subterfuge, which a sly, pawky old Scotchman, who sometimes stepped in for a crack, observed.

"Ay, mon," says he, "but ye hae unco' queer things here. Wha ever saw a four-corner't shaving box?"— Whereupon we had a hearty good laugh. "Od," he resumed, "but ye're an auld farrant chappy, and no doot but ye'll do weel in this country, where pawkrie is no' an ill nest-egg to begin with."

There is, however, no "pawkrie" about his flowers and garden-seeds; they are genuine, and the best of their kind; as their celebrity throughout the country, abundantly testifies.

I begged of the gardener a single sprig of acacia, whose light, feathery, yellow foliage looked like a pet plaything of the breezes; and which for the first time enabled me to understand clearly Moore's poetic description of the Desert, where "The Acacia waves her yellow hair."

I likewise took with me a geranium-leaf, as a memento of the rose-geranium which Grant Thorburn accidentally bought, in the day of small beginnings, and which proved the nucleus of his present floral fame, and blooming fortune. The gardiner likewise presented us with a bouquet of dahlias, magnificent enough for the hand-screen of a Sultana; but this politeness I think we owed to certain beautiful young ladies, who accompanied us.

Altogether, it was a charming excursion; and I came away pleased with the garden and its environs, and pleased with the old gentleman, whose dwarf-like figure disappointed me agreeably; for, from his own description, I was prepared to find him ungainly and mis-shapen. I no longer deem it so very marvellous that his Rebecca should have preferred the poor, canny little Scotchman to her rich New-York lover.

As I never deserved to be called "Mrs. *Leo Hunter*," you will, perhaps, be surprised at the degree of interest I express in this man, whose sole claims to distinction are the having amassed wealth by his own industry and shrewdness, and having his adventures told by Galt's facetious pen. The accumulation of dollars and cents, I grant is a form of power the least attractive of any to the imagination; but yet, as an indication of ability of some sort, it *is* attractive, to a degree; and moreover there is something in mere success, which interests us—because it is a stimulus which the human mind spontaneously seeks, and without which it cannot long retain its energies. Added to this, there is a slight tinge, just the faintest roseate gleam, of romance, resting on the shrewd Scotchman's life. First, there is a sober sentiment, a quaint, homely pathos, in his account of his first love, which wraps the memory of his patient, quiet Rebecca, in a sacred veil of tender reverence. Secondly, he is a sort of High Priest of Flora; and though not precisely such an one as would have been chosen to tend the shrine of her Roman Temple, yet this will give him a sort of poetic claim upon my interest, so long as the absorbing love of beauty renders a Flower-Merchant more attractive to my fancy than a dealer in grain.

Were I not afraid of wearying your patience with descriptions of scenery, I would talk of our steamboat passage from Ravenswood; for indeed it is very beautiful.— But I forbear all allusion to the gliding boats, the vernal forests, falling in love with their own shadows in the river, and the cozy cottages, peeping out from the foliage with their pleasant, friendly faces. I have placed the lovely landscape in the halls of memory, where I can at any time pop in and look upon it, whenever my soul needs the bounteous refreshings of nature. I congratulate myself for having added this picture to my gallery, as a blessing for the weary months that are coming upon us; for summer has waved her last farewell, as she passed away over the summit of the sunlit hills, and I can already spy the waving white locks of old winter, as he comes hobbling up, before the gale, on the other side. I could forgive him the ague-fit he bestows on poor summer, as she hurries by; but the plague of it is, he will stand gossiping with spring's green fairy, till every tooth chatters in her sweet little head.

Now, of a truth, my friend, I have been meaning to write sober sense; but what is written is written. As the boy said of his whistling, "it did itself." I would gladly have shown more practical good sense, and talked wisely on "the spirit of the age," "progress of the species," and the like; but I believe in my soul, fairies keep carnival all the year round in my poor brain; for even when I first wake, I find a magic ring of tinted mushrooms, to show where their midnight dance has been. But I did not bore you with scenery, and you should give me credit for that; we who live cooped up in cities, are so apt to forget that anybody but ourselves ever sees blue sky enough for a suit of bed curtains, or butter-cups and greensward sufficient for a flowered coverlet.— "Dont crow till you're out of the wood," though; for the aforesaid picture hangs in the hall, and I may yet draw aside the curtain and give you a peep, if you are very curious. *Real* pictures, like everything else real, cannot be bought with cash. Old Mammon buys nothing but daguerrotyped shadows. My gallery beats that of the Duke of Devonshire all hollow; it is filled with originals by the oldest masters, and not a copy among them all; and, better still, the sheriff cannot seize them, let him do his worst; others may prove property in the same, but they lie safely beyond the reach of trover or replevin.

As we passed Blackwell's Island, I looked with thoughtful sadness, on the handsome stone edifice erected there for a Lunatic Asylum. On another part of the island is a Penitentiary; likewise a noble building, though chilling the heart with its barred doors and grated windows. The morally and the intellectually insane—should they not both be treated with great tenderness?— It is a question for serious thought; and phrenology, with all its absurd quackery on its back, will yet aid mankind in giving the fitting answer. There has at least been kindness evinced in the location chosen; for if free breezes, beautiful expanse of water, quiet, rural scenery, and "the blue sky that bends o'er all," can "minister to the mind diseased," then, surely these forlorn outcasts of society may here find God's best physicians for their shattered nerves.

Another object which interested me exceedingly was the Long-Island Farm School, for foundlings and orphans. Six or eight hundred children are here carefully tended by a matron and her assistants, until they are old enough to go out to service or trades. Their extensive play-ground runs along the shore; a place of as sweet natural influences as could well be desired. I thought of the squalid little wretches I had seen at Five Points, whose greatest misfortune was that they were *not* orphans. I thought of the crowd of sickly infants in Boston alms-house—the innocent victims of hereditary vice.— And my heart ached, that it could *see* no end to all this misery, though it *heard* it, in the far-off voice of prophecy.—L. M. C.

A PIG, THE PIONEER TO FREEDOM.

A pig lately got loose from his sty in Maryland.— Whether the door was opened by a female slave, we are not informed. But one was soon after seen to take great pains in driving him; and on she drove, through town after town, till she and the pig came safely into Pennsylvania. When met and qestioned on the way, she was in a great hurry, very much out of breath, and could scarcely stop to answer, "Massa's pig's run away." The additional circumstance that massa's slave had run away, too, she had no time to mention. On she went, driving like the famous Peter Rugg; but, unlike Peter, *her* journey had an end.

British India.—We would call the attention of our readers, especially commercial ones, to the article on this subject on our first page; and if a slaveholder chances to take up this sheet, we would in a most particular manner request his candid and thoughtful perusal; for the welfare of our common country, and of his own section in particular. It is high time for southerners to put away bragadocio and defiance, and calmly investigate the merits and the prospects of slavery. If it cannot be done from moral principle, let them at least be urged by worldly policy.

Gerrit Smith's Slaves.—It is not stated in James C. Fuller's highly interesting communication, and does not seem to be generally understood, that the Ann Carrol Fitzhugh, mentioned as having given the slave Harriet to her brother, in early youth, afterward became Mrs. Gerrit Smith.

Patriots of the Olden Times.—The wife of Samuel Adams, of revolutionary celebrity, one day informed her husband that a friend had made her a present of a female slave. Mr. Adams replied, in a very decided manner, "She may come, but not as a slave; for a slave cannot breathe in my house. If she comes, she must come free." The woman took up her abode with the family of this champion of liberty; and there she lived free and died free.

Anti-Slavery Items.

The Spirit of Liberty.—This is the new name of the Christian Witness, published at Pittsburg, Penn. It is a third political party paper, edited by the Rev. E. Smith, lately excommunicated by the Methodist Church; he is assisted by Wm. H. Burleigh.

The Missionary Herald.—This is the organ of missions which refuses to have any connection with *slavery*; and particularly of the Union Missionary Society, recently formed in Hartford, in which men of *both the races* have united to send to the heathen a gospel of *equality*, and without *caste*. It is under the editorial care of Rev. Josiah Brewer, as we understand, formerly a missionary of the American Board, and well known for the magnanimity with which he has devoted himself to the cause of his oppressed countrymen. The spirit of Mr. Brewer we greatly admire. Without blowing a trumpet before himself, he brings to the cause talents and a power of accomplishment of the first order. If men of his stamp were at the helm of the missionary and religious press of the country it would be better, far better, for the millions in chattel slavery, and for the dishonored cause of Christ.

We do earnestly pray that this new and pure missionary enterprise may be sustained and carried forward; for as sure as there is a God above us, it is *right*, and the one which lends its sanction to slavery and caste is *wrong*.—*Liberator*.

Two vacancies have occurred since the Convention at Baltimore, and neither of them having been filled with the name of Elon Galusha, the Board have endorsed the proscription of this brother, although he did receive at Baltimore nearly votes enough for election, which was a fair nomination, as we think. But Master *Slavery* has proscribed him, and the northern members of the Board dare not rise up against him.—*Reflector*.

A Farce.—From the Georgia Christian Index, we learn that the citizens of Palmyra, in that State, have given a public dinner to Rev. Mr. Davis, since his return from the North, and that a Reverend gentleman offered this toast:

"*Our guest—the Rev. Jonathan Davis*:—His able and splendid advocacy of southern rights and southern institutions, recently, at the North, entitle him to the respect and gratitude of his country." ! ! !

Another Seizure.—Letters were received in this city on Friday, from the American Consul at St. Helena, which stated that the brig Cipher, late of this port, had been seized by the British on the coast of Africa. The Cipher left Salem in command of Capt. Dayley. She was sold at Cabenda, Africa, to the Portuguese, for the sum of $7,500, and on the 11th of July was taken possession of by the British brig Persian, on charges of being intended and fitted up for the slave trade. Suits were instituted, and the brig was condemned in a Court of Admiralty.—*Salem Register*.

Heathenism in the Slave States.—A Christian writer in the "Western Luminary," a paper published in Lexington, Ky., uses the following language:—"I proclaim it abroad to the Christian world, that heathenism is as real in the slave States as it is in the South Sea Islands; and that our negroes are as justly objects of attention to the American and other Boards of Foreign Missions, as the Indians of our western wilds."—*Emancipator*.

The Colored Population of Canada.—It is computed, by the Montreal Courier, that there are about twenty thousand negroes in Canada, who have escaped from slavery in the southern States.

Agent to the South.—The Committee appointed by the Vermont Anti-Slavery Society have reported favorably on the proposition of Col. W. W. Miller, to go to the South under the approbation of the Society, and without other aid from the Society than their approbation, and their prayers. They report that said Miller is a suitable person for such an embassy, and present him to the consideration of the Society, for their approbation.

The Boston Mail thus alludes to this movement:

"*A Daniel going into the Lion's Den.*—At a recent anti-slavery meeting in Vermont, a very zealous young man introduced a resolution that a person be appointed to go to the South and remonstrate with the people there against the sin of slavery. The resolution was adopted, and the young man who introduced the resolution was appointed to do the honors of the office which he had been the means of creating. We regret to be obliged to say that we do not think he will proceed far on his pilgrimage of love."

Slavery and Office.—Lord Palmerston has announced to the Anti-Slavery Society that "Government will appoint no persons to office under the Crown, where slavery and the slave trade exists, who are not decidedly opposed to those systems of crime." So we may now look out for nobody but abolitionists as Ministers, Consuls, &c., from her Majesty's Government.—*Globe*.

New Papers.—A new publication has been commenced in New-York, called the 'Journal of Education and Weekly Messenger,' 'devoted to education, religion, morality, and general intelligence,' and 'conducted by an association of colored teachers.' It is published on a small sheet, every Saturday, by D. Loveridge, 251 Elizabeth street, at $1 per annum, in advance.

A new penny-paper has likewise been issued in Philadelphia, called The Demosthenian Shield. We sincerely desire success to all efforts made by our colored friends for the general improvement of their proscribed class. But we do heartily wish they would unite their sufficient pecuniary means, and more than sufficient intelligence, to sustain *one* paper of good size, well printed and well edited. Their force is by no means strong enough to be divided as it now is.

Good Advice.—At the Convention of the "American Reform Board of the Disfranchised," some contention and confusion arose; according to the bad example of many meetings of white abolitionists. We do not pretend to decide who was to blame; but we do say, that whoever is most willing to forget personal dislikes, and to concede every thing but principle, for the sake of union, is the best friend of his race. We commend the following remarks of David Ruggles, to the candid consideration of all our colored friends:

"Sir, do you not know the fact that white persons, as a class, have no confidence in colored persons, as a class; for the obvious reason, we have no confidence in ourselves. While every man's hand is against us, our every hand is against each other. I speak plainly, because truth will set us free. Are we not guilty of cherishing, to an alarming extent, the sin of sectarian, geographical, and complexional proscription? The spirit abroad is this: Is that brother a Methodist? He is not of us.— A Baptist? He is not of us. A Presbyterian? He is not of us. An Episcopalian? He is not of us. A Roman Catholic? He is not of us. Does he live above human creeds, and enjoy the religion of the heart? He is of Beelzebub.

Again. Is that brother from the East? He is not of us. From the West? He is not of us. From the North? He is not of us. From the South? He is not of us. From the middle States? He is not of us. Is he a foreigner? He can never be of us. But, forsooth, is that brother of a dark complexion? He is of no worth. Is he of a light complexion? He is of no nation. Such, sir, are the visible lines of distinction, marked by slavery, for us to follow. If we hope for redemption from our present condition, we must repent, turn, and unite in the hallowed cause of reform."

THE VICTIMS OF SLAVERY.

A correspondent of the Hartford Observer, writing from Quincy, Illinois, gives the following particulars of the case of the three unfortunate young men, (two of them members of the Mission Institute, and the other a mechanic, with a family residing at Theopolis,) who have just been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in the State Penitentiary of Missouri:—

'The facts in the case, as near as I could learn, were as follows. These individuals were impressed with the idea that it was their *duty* to do something efficiently to aid the poor slaves in regaining their rights. They prayed over the subject—asked counsel of God, and consulted with students and with one another. Burning with hostility to slavery, they soon became determined to to make the attempt to entice slaves across the Mississippi, and put them on the track to Victoria's dominions. They took a canoe, crossed into Mississippi, and came in contact with slaves to whom they made known their errand. They made an appointment to meet the slaves in the night in an old tenantless cabin, where two of their number were to explain to them more fully their chance for escape—while the third remained in the canoe ready to transport them. One of the negroes was a little suspicious that it was all a trap to decoy them from their masters and take them down the river and sell them to cotton or sugar planters—a thing which they dread worse than death. This negro revealed the whole plot to his master. He bade him go to the place of rendezvous, and put questions into his mouth, for the purpose of drawing as much information from the young men respecting their plans as possible. In the mean time he gathered a company of white men—armed, who surrounded the cabin, and after being well satisfied of their plans, rose upon them and took them prisoners.— All these individuals were conducted to Palmyra jail by the sheriff, amid the execrations of the populace. They are hand-cuffed and ironed, I understand—treated with far greater severity than horse thieves, who are confined in the same apartment with them.

I would here say that the movement was without the advice or apprehension of their teachers, and though some persons think they see in the undertaking and its results the finger of God, the great body of abolitionists in this region do not hesitate to condemn it. It is a very common opinion that they have broken no statute of Missouri. The laws of the State are severe upon kidnappers. But their legislators seem not to have thought it possible that any man should care enough for the slave to entice him to run away from his master to a land of freedom. But *though* no law has been broken—the measure has no tendency to open the eyes of masters to their wrong doings. It is rather calculated to obstruct, with prejudice and passion, all access to their understandings and hearts.— Our principal dependence for bringing about the peaceful emancipation of slavery, lies in enlightening the minds of slaveholders. And any system of measures on the part of avowed abolitionists calculated to defeat this object is greatly to be deprecated. They have generally disavowed any intention or desire to meddle with the slave. But this effort is certainly an exception. Could these individuals have effected their purpose—they would not have left any stone unturned in encouraging negroes to quit their masters and push for Canada. I would here say that Mr. Alanson Work is a mechanic from Middletown, Connecticut and long a member of the South Congregational church. The others, if I mistake not, are from New-York. Their case was brought up at the celebration for the purpose of raising means to secure to them the assistance of able counsellors and a fair trial, and I understand the money has been secured. Their trial is expected to come on in September.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

McLeod.—This case was brought on in Utica last week, and of course occasions great excitement. The state of feeling on the border renders it extremely difficult to ascertain the truth on any point connected with the Canadian rebellion. Witnesses of apparently equal respectability swear to things directly opposite. Some think the jury will not be able to agree, on account of the conflicting testimony; but the almost universal opinion is that he will be acquitted The New-York Tribune of Monday, says:

"The case of McLeod is virtually decided. He will be acquitted by the Jury, probably without leaving their seats. The proof of an alibi adduced yesterday is irresistible. It was shown that he was not in either of the boats which set out to destroy the Caroline, was not seen by either of the commanders, either during that expedition, or on the beach before it started or after its return. It was then shown by Mr. Press, that he took McLeod the preceding evening about 7 o'clock, to Lieut. Morrison's, at Stamford, six miles distant; by Lieut. Morrison, his wife, son and daughter, that he came there before 8 o'clock, sat up till after 12, slept in the parlor, that his boots were set up by the kitchen fire in the evening, and were there dry the next morning; and that Col. Cameron called that morning and told them that the Caroline had been sent over the Falls during the preceding night, showing a piece of her, and that Lieut. M. run up and told McLeod, who was still in the parlor, half dressed, and who exclaimed, "I wish to God I had been there!" It was then shown that he rode off toward Chippewa, met Judge McLean and Dr. Foster near the Falls and was recognised by them; fell in with Mr. Gilkieson, rode up to him through Chippewa and along past Navy Island, were fired at with cannon, a soldier picked up the ball, gave it to McLeod, who carried it off, and showed it that afternoon in passing Lieut. Morrison's house, on his way down to Niagara. There were some discrepancies, but I think they cannot fracture the chain of evidence presented."

Duke D'Aumale.—There have been some rebellious movements in Paris, originating in the same cause as those at Toulon, viz. the census. As the three princes, the Duke of Orleans, de Nemours, and D'Aumale, were making a triumphant, entry from Algiers into Paris, a pistol was fired at the foremost, the Duke D'Aumale; it did not take effect, as intended, but killed the horse of an officer who rode near. The man, who was a journeyman sawyer, was arrested on the spot.

Lightning.—The Greenfield Mercury, states that Mrs. Dunkless of Montague, in a recent thunder shower, had *one of her teeth knocked out by lightning.* She was knocked down by the shock, but was not otherwise injured.

Release of Col. Crogan.—The Montreal Herald announces that Col. Crogan has been set at liberty by Sir Richard Jackson, on application of the United States authorities.

Damage by the late Storm.—Intelligence of disasters by the recent dreadful hurricane, continues to pour in upon us. We do not hesitate to say that two millions of dollars will not more than cover the aggregate loss sustained on our coast. Many lives were lost, and we shall probably never know the full extent of the damage done. *New-York Herald.*

Living up to principle.—The Captain of a brig from the State of Maine, was a short time ago at St. Croix, and was there offered $1000 to bring home a cargo of rum; but refused, preferring to return in ballast.—*Jour. of Commerce.*

Suicide.—Payne, the lover of Mary C. Rogers, was found dead by laudanum on a bench at Hoboken, near the place where her body was discovered. He has been in a melancholy way since her death and has wandered about in evident aberration of mind. Circumstances leave no room for the slightest suspicion that he was connected with the murder.

Travelling by Electro-Magnetism.—A distance of 75 miles has been travelled on the common road, in a Bath chair, by electro-magnetic power in one hour and a half. The applier comes over daily from St. Albans to the Bank of England, in the said chair in half an hour, at the expense of sixpence.—*Eng. paper.*

Forgery.—Samuel S. Fitch, a large merchant, residing in Chesnut street near Eleventh, and reputed to be worth between one and two hundred thousand dollars, was arrested for forgery, on a warrant issued by Alderman Brazier, on a requisition from the Governor of Connecticut, addressed to Governor Porter of this State.

The crime with which he is charged, is said to have been committed *seventeen years* ago. It is said that he forged at that time title deeds to two immense tracts of land in Vermont, which he sold, and from which he realized a vast sum of money.

Mr. Fitch is a man of family—has resided in this city about fourteen years—does business in Market street, and has just returned with his family from a tour of pleasure to Europe. He gave bail, we learn, in ten thousand dollars, for twenty-four hours delay, to arrange his affairs before he departed for the North, in custody of the officer.—*Philad. Times, Oct. 2.*

A Brilliant Bedstead.—The emperor of Russia recently sent to the Shah of Persia, a bedstead made entirely of crystal, worked in imitation of large diamonds, incrusted in a solid frame. On each side there are spouts made to eject scented water, which, by its murmurings, invites to sleep. It is crowned by a large chandelier, which spreads light in such a manner over itself, and the rest of the frame, as to give to the whole the splendid appearance of millions of diamonds, reflecting their brilliancy at once.

Bank Robbers Sentenced.—Brown, Green, and Francisco, the robbers of the Herkimer County Bank, having severally pleaded guilty to the indictment found against them, were sentenced at Herkimer to four years' confinement at hard labor in the State Prison.

Education in India.—At Calcutta, nine Mahommedan youths had made the necessary affidavits of allegiance, previous to their admission into the Medical College.— This is gratifying, as the Mahommedans have hitherto shown far more reluctance than the Hindoos to accept of a medical education.

Railroads.—Eighteen millions of dollars have now been invested in railroads, within the limits of Massachusetts, all of which have paid at least 6 per cent. beyond all expenses, repairs, &c.

Seamen's Friend Society.—Since 1837, they have reformed some six hundred sailors from habits of intemperance and profligacy, three hundred have become mates and masters of vessels, and many others have commenced lives of honor and usefulness.

Tragedy of Real Life.—Three little boys, 9, 11, and 13 years old, were brought before the New-York police, being found sleeping in a box in Fulton-st. They all said their parents were dead. One of them, two weeks since, another, about three weeks, the other, a year;— and that since that time, being without any home or friends, to provide for them, they had slept at nights under sheds, in boxes, on stoops, in stables, and had begged or worked during the day, as their necessities demanded, or opportunities admitted. Young as they were, a sympathy appeared to have linked them together, with stronger bonds than wealth or the world's honor could purchase; and the manner in which each told his own tale, and at the same time appeared to have an interest in the fate of the others, made the whole scene thrillingly impressive.

The poor little fellows seemed not to be conscious of their position before the Court, and expressed thankfulness in their looks, when the Judge ordered them to be taken care of and provided for.—*Brooklyn News.*

Anti-Corn Law Convention of Ministers.—This Convention held in Manchester, England, consisted of about 700 ministers, Catholics, and Protestants, of all sects; except the Quakers, who were not represented. We understand that they likewise refused the use of their meeting-house, on the ground that the Convention was of a "political character;" yet the English Quakers are accused, we know not how justly, of being the most notorious of corn monopolists. There are, however, many noble exceptions to this charge. The Convention adopted a memorial to the Queen, and an Address to the People. At the close of the meeting George Thompson delivered an address, said to be remarkably eloquent, even for him.

Joseph Sturge and the Corn Laws.—This gentleman has doubled his subscription to the Anti-Corn league for the present year, assigning the following reason:—As circumstances are likely to preclude my paying any personal attention, for the present, to the great object for which the Anti-Corn league is established, the immediate and entire abolition of the tax upon the food of the people, I have concluded to double my contribution to their funds for the present year, provided there is no compromise of the high and impregnable ground the league has taken; and that they will neither relax from their efforts, nor swerve from their purpose, until they have obtained the complete removal of this disgraceful and cruel impost.' Mr. Sturge's subscription was £100, which he has thus munificently advanced to £200.

Lusus Naturæ.—The Richmond (Va.) Compiler, says the Clerk of the Circuit Court, J. T. Mason, Esq. owns a boy 15 years of age, whose skin is as black as ebony, with the exception of the greater part of the right arm, the entire part of the right shoulder blade, all of the right side and back, which are as white as alabaster!— The spots of which, have been increasing in size for years, and will, in all human probability, cover the whole body before they cease their growth.

Norwegian Emigrants.—A detatchment of one hundred Norwegians passed up the lake in the Missouri.— They are a swarthy, robust people, and appear capable of enduring great fatigue. They were destined for Milwaukie, and among other articles carry with them one of their native sleighs, constructed mostly of iron, and designed for a lady and gentleman. The formation of the vehicle was peculiar, being very narrow, so as to compel the beau to sit astride a small saddle behind the lady, instead of at her side, as is the custom of this country.— Barring this inconvenience, the Norwegian sleigh would be a rare vehicle on the lake in winter.—*Buffalo Com. Advertiser.*

Quincy Granite.—One of the pilasters for the Merchants' Exchange, Boston, is forty feet long, six feet wide, five feet in thickness, and weighs, according to measurement, fifty-seven tons.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The best recipe for Common Gingerbread. The order in which the articles are put in should be observed:

Half a pint of buttermilk, or sour milk, or cider; a large tea-spoonful of sal-eratis; half a pint of molasses; a table-spoonful of ginger; thicken with flour about as thick as pan-cakes; then melt about two ounces of butter, and stir it in; a tea-spoonful of salt; then thicken it with flour till it can be moulded, but it is better to be as soft as it can be easily worked. Baked fifteen or twenty minutes, in deep tin pans with plenty of room to rise. It may, or may not be crossed off into squares. If washed with milk and molasses, as soon as it is taken out of the oven, the surface will shine.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

	Amount previously acknowledged	$685 00
686	Harris Prime, Vernon, N. Y.	1 00
687	Thomas McClintock, Waterloo, N. Y.	1 00
688	Mary Ann McClintock, "	1 00
689	Levi Luny, "	1 00
690	Cash, "	1 00
691	Thomas Jackson, "	1 00
692	George Pryor, "	1 00
692	Margaret Pryor, "	1 00
693	Wm. Shotwell,	1 00
694	Samuel Lundy, "	1 00
695	A. Vail, "	1 00
696	Henry Bonnel, "	1 00
697	Asa Palmer, "	1 00
698	Webster Luny, "	1 00
699	Israel Lisk, "	1 00
700	Stephen Shuir, "	1 00
701	Gertrude Shuir, "	1 00
702	Isaac Mosher, "	1 00
703	Taber Potter, Seneca Falls, "	1 00
704	D. Child, " "	1 00
705	Mary Upton, " "	1 00
706	Jacob Ferris, Jr., Galen, "	1 00
707	Joseph Watson, " "	1 00
708	Thomas B. Wares, " "	1 00
709	Charles Sly, " "	1 00
710	Benjamin Trip, " "	1 00
711	George Atkinson, Short Creek, Harrison County, Ohio,	1 00
712	Samuel Lewis, " " "	1 00
713	Jonathan Bye, " " "	1 00
714	James Potter, " " "	1 00
715	Aquilla Herford, " " "	1 00
716	M. T. Johnson, " " "	1 00
717	Wm. E. Lukens, " " "	1 00
718	Margaret Lukens, " " "	1 00
719	Isaac Lewis, " " "	1 00
720	Joseph Cope, " " "	1 00
721	Lydia Lewis, " " "	1 00
722	Ruth Cope, " " "	1 00
723	John Heberling, " " "	1 00
724	Mary Heberling, " " "	1 00
725	James Patten, " " "	1 00
726	Rachel Lukens, " " "	1 00
727	James Cope, " " "	1 00
728	Wm. West, " " "	1 00
729	James Geesey, " " "	1 00
730	Thomas Stevens, " " "	1 00
731	John Souter, Andover, Mass.	1 00
732	Samuel May, Leicester, "	1 00
733	Sarah R. May, " "	1 00
734	Abraham Firth, Jr., S. Leicester, Mass.	1 00
735	John Mirick, Princeton, Mass.	1 00
736	Laura Flint, " "	1 00
737	E. C. Clapp, " "	1 00
738	Baylies Upham, " "	1 00
739	Dwight Bisco, " "	1 00
740	Silas Earle, " "	1 00
741	Wm. B. Earle, " "	1 00
742	Mary Henderson, Hanover, Mass.	1 00
743	Isaac Smith, Leominster, "	1 00
744	Sarah H. Earle, Worcester, "	1 00

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 10th mo. (Oct.) 12.

For the Standard.—Capt. Loring Blanchard, Prospect, Me. $1; Peter Macy, Nantucket, $2; John Green, Hopkinton, R. I., $2; Revier Dupuy, Bloomington, Orange county, New-York, $2; Edmund Herendeen, Manchester, Ontario County, New-York, $2; Samuel Thorn, Sally H. Rogers, Phebe Rogers, Elizabeth Palmer, Isaac Thorn, Leonard Chace, Wm. Dudley, Jr., Hannah Bond, Webster Thorn, Marengo, Wayne County, New-York, each $2; W. T. Biddle, Danbury, Conn. $2; Wm. Cope and Isaac Cope, Short Creek, Harrison county, $1 50 each; Benj. Rice, Northboro, Mass., $2 86; George Foster, Andover, Mass., $4 29; Joseph B. Grout, West Brookfield, Mass. $2 86; G. S. Flint, Rutland, Mass. $1; Dana Newton, Holden, Mass. $1; Albert C. Howe, Princeton, Mass. $6; Westerly Reading Room, R. I. $1. The following persons, at Westerly, R. I., have paid each $1 43: Charles Perry, Stephen Smith, Horatio S. Berry, Aaron Pierce, O. M. Stillman, Maria Burlingame; Albert G. Palmer, Westerly, R. I. $1 42; Seth Mitchel, $2; Nathaniel Barney, $4; Anna Gardner, $4; Matthew Bernard, $4; Liberty Hall, $2; Wm. M. Boston, $2—all of Nantucket, Mass.; Jonathan Butterfield, Worcester, Mass. $2; Joel Dewing, Shrewsbury, Mass. $2; Amos S. Earle, Henry A. Denny, Samuel Hurd, Amasa Southwick, Leicester, Mass., each $2; Alonzo White, Leicester Mass., $1; Jarus Lincoln, 64 cents; Thomas Donaldson, New Richmond, Ohio, $3.—$95 65.

Donations.—Abraham Van Eps, Vernon, N. Y. $10; Dr. George Foot, Vernon, 50 cents; G. T. Hill, Albany, $1 25; Richard P. Hunt, Waterloo, $5; Lucy Sly, Galen, 50 cts.; Mrs. Cash, Galen, 25 cts.; Samuel Thorn, Galen, 58 cents; Jonah Earle, Leicester, Mass. 25 cents; Rufus Rockwood, Leicester, Mass. 50 cts.—$18 43.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas.*

P. S. Fifteen dollars have been received from Abby Kelly; particulars next week—the letter having been mislaid.

NOTICES.

APPEAL ON BEHALF OF THE AMISTAD AFRICANS.

The appeals heretofore made for funds for the defence, support and education of these Mendi Africans, have been successful, and the money, so generously contributed, has been economically expended, and with the happiest results. The *sums* contributed and the *expenditures* made have been published in the *American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter* and the *New-York Journal of Commerce*, for the information of the donors and all persons interested. The time has now arrived when another appeal has become necessary. Such facts have recently come to the knowledge of the Committee, respecting the native country of these Mendians, and the feasibility of their reaching their kindred and homes, if they can be sent to Sierra Leone, that it had been determined to send the whole body of them (now reduced to 35 in number) back to Africa the present autumn. They will leave in a vessel for Sierra Leone as soon as the necessary funds shall be contributed. The Committee have in view two ministers of the gospel, one white and one colored, to accompany them to Mendi, and take up their abode with them as religious teachers, so long as the providence of God shall direct; and they are desirous of engaging one or two more, to be associated with these brethren as missionaries to Mendi.

Contributions are earnestly requested. Remittances may be made by mail, or otherwise, directed to Lewis Tappan, No. 7, Dorr's Building, corner of Hanover and Exchange streets, rear of Merchants' Exchange. Donors, if they choose, can specify whether their donations shall go towards defraying the expenses of the passage to Sierra Leone, &c., or for the support of the religious teachers. If not otherwise directed, the Committee will appropriate the money according to their discretion.— All donations will be acknowledged, and a paper, containing the acknowledgment, sent to each donor. The expenditures will also be published, as heretofore.

Ministers of the gospel are requested to take up contributions in their congregations, and the friends of these Mendians, and of the evangelization of Africa, are invited to form committees for the purpose of raising funds for the objects named. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the committee fully agree with the Rev. Dr. Hawes, that "the wages of unrighteousness ought not to be used to propagate the Gospel among the Heathen," and they cannot be received for this object. The prayers of God's people are solicited on behalf of the liberated Africans, and the contemplated Mission.

The season is so far advanced, that the *immediate action* of the friends of these Mendians is necessary, to insure the accomplishment of the object in view.

S. S. JOCELYN,
JOSHUA LEAVITT, } Committee.
LEWIS TAPPAN,

⁂ Editors generally are respectfully requested to give the above one or more insertions.

THE GREAT WESTERN CONVENTION.

We learn that the third Wednesday in October, in 1841, is the time fixed on for holding the Great Western Methodist Anti-Slavery Convention, at Cincinnati, Ohio.— The friends there, it is said, will cheerfully accommodate 400 delegates, free of expense.

No time should be lost. Meetings should be held, all over the West, for the purpose of appointing delegates; and every abolitionist in the Methodist Episcopal Church, throughout that vast region of country, should immediately decide to attend, or write to the convention, if it be any way possible.

And not our friends in the West, merely, but we hope letters of approval and encouragement will be sent from the East, North, and South; and from our friends in the British West Indies.

The Great Western Convention! There must be a general rally! The ball must be kept in motion—the people must be gathered! And to this end, we expect all the anti-slavery papers, far and near, will publish this notice. We expect our subscribers at the West will procure its insertion in their local papers—we expect the brethren in the ministry, and the class leaders and members and friends, one and all, will make one "strong pull, a long pull, and a pull all together!"—If each one does his duty, it will be the greatest and best meeting for the poor slave ever held in this country. We know some of those old weather-beaten farmers of the West, and we believe the sequel will show, that they are ready for this great and good work.—*Zion's Watchman.*

THE LIBERTY BELL.

The third number of this Anti-Slavery Annual, will be issued on *Christmas week*, at the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery FAIR, Boston. No exertion will be spared to make it worthy of the circulation it receives. Articles are expected from distinguished English writers. The friends of the cause in the United States, from whom the editor has promise of aid, are affectionately reminded that the time of publication draws nigh, and that their articles should be forwarded soon.

It will be published this year, as heretofore, by means of donations from those who wish to see it issued; and the avails of its publications, will be reckoned with the receipts of the Fair, and paid to the Massachusetts Anti- [illegible] increasing the funds and promoting the principles of the cause, is such as to justify an earnest appeal in its favor. It circulates where neither tract or newspaper would be read, and prepares the way for other instrumentalities. Articles and donations to be forwarded to the editor, whose address is,

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
6 Chauncy Place, Boston.

September 30. 4t

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Pawtucket Juvenile Emancipation Society will hold its Sixth Annual Sale on Wednesday, Oct. 20th, at the Free Hall.

Friends in the country favorable to the cause are earnestly solicited to contribute.

Donations, however small, will be gratefully received.

I. J. ADAMS, *President.*

Pawtucket, Sept. 24, 1841.

State of New-York: Secretary's Office, Albany, August 25, 1841.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New-York:

Sir,—Notice is hereby given you, that the term of service of Gulian C. Verplanck, a Senator from the First Senate District of this State, will expire on the last day of December next, and that a Senator is to be chosen in that District, to which the city and county of New-York belongs, at the General Election to be held on the first, second and third days of November, [except in the city and county of New-York, in the city of Brooklyn, and in the towns of Bushwick, and Williamsburgh, in the county of Kings, where the election is to be held on Wednesday, the third day of November next.]

You will also, take notice, that a vacancy in the office of Senator exists in the said First Senate District, caused by the resignation of Minthorne Tompkins, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December 1843, and that a Senator is to be chosen in the said District at the same election, to supply such vacancy. The Senators are therefore to be voted for in the said District on the same ticket, but it is not necessary or proper to designate on the ballot for which term any person voted for is intended.

At the same election the following officers are to be chosen, viz: thirteen Members of Assembly, for the said city and county.

John C. Spencer, Secretary of State.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State. Monmouth B. Hart,
Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.
Sheriff's Office, New-York, Aug. 30, 1841.
September 23, 1841.

AMERICAN FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the American Free Produce Association, will be held at Clarkson Hall, Philadelphia, on Third day, the 19th of Tenth month, 1841.

BENJ. S. JONES, *Secretary.*

TREASURER'S NOTICE.

Where money remitted is not duly acknowledged, the Treasurer requests that immediate notice may be given by letter. Such errors might, perhaps, sometimes be traced to irregularities in the Post Office.

In all cases, let notice be given immediately on the discovery of the error.

Poetry.

HEINRICH HEINE.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

Dear girl, we two were children,
Two children young and gay,
When we crept into the hen's house,
And stretched us under the hay.

Then crowed we like to chanticleer,
And people on the road,
Rik-er—rik-er-ri! all fancied
It was the cock that crowed!

The chest within the court-yard,
We papered it with care,
And there we dwelt together,
And made a mansion fair.

A neighbor's ancient tabby
Came to us from the roof;
We made her bows, and courtesies,
And compliments enough.

We asked of her well-being,
Again, and yet again;—
We've made the same profession
To many old cats since then!

How often we sate and conversed,
Like the old with prudent tongue,
And mourned how things had altered
For worse, since we were young.

How love, and truth, and religion,
Out of the world were gone;
And how so dear was coffee,
Whilst money there was none!

They are gone—the plays of childhood,
They go, the hopes of youth;
Money, the world, and time, goes,
Religion! love, and truth!

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side?
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far
Were the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warp'd bar.
Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,
But I'd rather have looked on the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play,
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride;
And the car of the victor, or carriage of State,
Never carried such hearts as the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
When the moon was above and the glow-worms below;
Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew quick.
Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
With church-going vestment and sprucely-comb'd hair?
He loved; oh! he loved, and had promised to wait
For the one he adored, at the old farm-gate.

'Twas here where the gray-headed gossips would meet,
And the falling of markets, of goodness of wheat—
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—
Were favorite themes for discussion and thought.
The merits and faults of a neighbor just dead—
The hopes of a couple about to be wed;
The Parliament doings—the bill and debate,
Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm-gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound,
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound;
The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,
But none could leap over that postern like him.
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,
And the quickly-pull'd willow-branch served for a whip,
Spite of hugging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,
While I climbed on his back from the old farm-gate.

'Tis well to pass portals, where pleasure and fame
May come, winging our moments and gilding our name;
But give me the joy and the freshness of mind;
When away on some sport, the old gate slamm'd behind—
I've listen'd to music, but none that could speak
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak,
That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,
And the dear ones came home through the old farm-gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart;
And the brightest of fortune—the kindliest fate—
Would not banish my love for the old farm-gate.

OUR COUNTRY AND OUR HOME.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven, o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside-pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven; and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. She stood alone,
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye up-raised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low, sunset clouds, and the blue sky,
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the West with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
"Father, dear father, God has made a star!"

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XXXV.

We will not follow our presumptuous hero through the various blunders and vanities, which, in the course of a few days, induced him to ask the hand of Miss Croft, in marriage; it will be sufficient to transcribe the letter by which the offer was made, in order to show the grounds on which he founded his hope of success. The epistle ran thus:

"*To Mr. Croft, Merchant of Liverpool.*

"MR. CROFT:

"SIR,—I guess that by this, your dreadful beautiful daughter, as well as yourself, must be come to a pretty considerable good notion of what I am after. The estate at Nixton, is all very well, and I wouldn't have any objection to buy it; and as to the price, I find there'd be no manner of difficulty about finding the needful. Mt. Etna is a profitable bit, too. But after all, Mr. Croft, what is either estate in consequence, compared to the real business in hand between us? I expect I must explain myself, because 'tis in rule so to do; though I don't doubt in the least that the beautiful eyes, as have made such work with my heart, have been clear sighted enough to spy out what they have done. The short and the long of it is, then, that I'm in love with your daughter, Mr. Croft, and that I hereby make a proposal to marry her. One good reason why this match is likely enough to be agreeable to all parties is, that we are, both of us, only children; which makes the business, as you will allow, a deal more plain sailing. For, who could Mr. Whitlaw, of Mt. Etna be after leaving all his property to?—and he has not that little to make it a flea-bite. And who could you, Mr. Croft, devise yours to—which I don't question, is pretty considerable also—except to us two? So that's plain enough. As to the article of residence, I'm a right-down good American, that's a fact; nevertheless, I would be no ways particular as to accompanying my wife to England, for a spell; and some of our young family might be left to cheer your old age, Mr. Croft, if you wished it, sir. In short, I take it upon myself to assure you that, in all things, we shall be ready and willing to do what's most agreeable to you.

"As to money down, I guess that the best way will be, not to meddle or make with the Nixton estate at all; but just let that come straight at once to my wife, which I shall consider like one and the same as ready cash. And I understand that you couldn't be well off doing that, seeing that it comes by the young lady's mother, and ought, therefore, as matter of course and justice, to go to her child. There is but one other point, I expect, that need be mentioned at present; but that's one on which I don't think I should be over easy to change, and therefore, it ought by rights to be done settled at first starting. Whenever my wife and I goes over to the old country, I never will suffer, nor permit any of my niggers, to go across with us, for I know from good authority, what comes of it; they gets free as soon as they touches that queer old place, and devil a bit should I ever get 'em back again to Louisiana. Not doubting that all I propose will be counted reasonable and handsome,

"I remain, honored sir,
"Your friend and Son, (as would be)
"J. J. WHITLAW.

"P. S. As I don't see any reason for wishing for delay, I shall be ready to perform my part of the happy ceremony, at the shortest notice."

When this letter was delivered, the father and daughter were, as was very usual with them, sitting together. Mr. Croft read it through without uttering a word, and having finished it, he sighed deeply and began again at, "Mr. Croft,—Sir:" but before he had finished the first page, he stopped short, and looking at his daughter with great gentleness, and, as if he feared to give her pain, he said,

"Selina! why have you not told me this?—why have you not told me that Mr. Whitlaw was your lover?"

"Who, father!" replied the poor girl, almost in a swoon,—"who do you say is my lover?"

"That young man, called Whitlaw, Selina. Here is a letter from him—a very strange letter certainly, in every way; but it is evident he considers himself as your accepted lover."

"He!—Oh, father! can you say that and bear me in your sight? *He* my accepted lover! The only human being—God forgive me!—that I was ever sinful enough to hate."

"My dearest child!" exclaimed her father, in a voice that testified the most unequivocal satisfaction, "forgive me for having for a single instant believed it possible. But see how he writes, Selina! The presumptuous fool!—what could I think, my dear girl, from such a letter as this?"

Selina received the letter, and read it. Her father watched her countenance as she proceeded, and was surprised at the violent agitation it betrayed. From the moment he discovered that the tone of confident success assumed in this curious epistle, was as unwarranted as it was displeasing, he felt greatly inclined to indulge in the ridicule it so naturally excited. But the emotion of his daughter forbade this, and he felt almost ashamed of having been disposed to treat lightly, what evidently occasioned her much real suffering.

"Give me the letter, Selina; it is really beneath your notice. Pray, compose yourself, and think no more of the presumptous youth; never surely was any man so besotted by his vanity, as this one!"

"I am wrong, I believe, to be so deeply wounded by it. Is it pride, father, that makes my heart swell as if it would choke me, when I think of this man's fancying I could marry him?"

"Perhaps it may be, my love; and yet I think there are better feelings, too, that may have a part in it. This letter is offensive to your delicacy, Selina, as well as to your pride. But come, come, do not look so very like a duchess about it. I will give him his answer, and you shall hear no more of him."

"Pray do not spare him, sir," said the young lady, rising to leave the room. "I particularly request, sir," said Juno, "to answer me one or two questions? My questions may enlighten you more than your answers can enlighten me."

"What is it you would ask, woman? said Mr. Croft: "be quick, and let us have an end to this mummery."

"Was not your wife's maiden name Selina Woodthorpe?"

"Well, and what then?"

"Did you ever hear her mother's maiden name? was it not Selina Seldon?"

"Yes, I know that was her name. I have several books belonging to her; and her name was written in them all."

"That Selina Seldon, the mother of your wife, was my child. She was a yellow woman, and as they say, a very lovely one. You look strangely at me, but my tale is a true one; and those by whose means I have ever been enabled to hear tidings of the only race on earth with whom I claim kindred—they can tell you so; and will, if you'll be pleased to ask them."

The manner of Juno was now so perfectly calm and rational, that there was no longer any possibility of believing her insane; but Mr. Croft, as he looked at the face of his daughter, trembled at the consequences this strange disclosure was likely to make upon her. Whatever he had thought of the old woman at first, he was now greatly persuaded that her story was true; he well remembered the beautiful, but dark, olive of his wife's complexion, her raven hair, and the peculiar clearness of her large, black eyes; but to him the convictions brought nothing terrible. His wife had been a very beautiful, accomplished, and estimable woman; had brought him a handsome fortune, and died regretted by a large circle of friends. Of what nation, country, or color her mother, or her mother's mother, might have been, was to him a matter of great indifference; though assuredly had he known her origin, he would not have brought his daughter to New-Orleans. All he could now do, however, was to calm the violent agony of poor Selina's mind, by endeavoring to throw a doubt upon the statement of the old woman, which in fact was as yet quite unproved.

"Selina!" said he, "this story is far too wild and fanciful to be received as true upon any single testimony whatever. I will inquire into it. Should it prove as idle as it is likely to do, I trust you will dismiss it instantly and entirely from your thoughts. If, on the contrary, it should be borne out by testimony, our course is very simple: I will immediately purchase the freedom of this poor slave, leave her with ample means to pass her remaining days in comfort, and then return to our own country, where this very romantic history will never be known or believed. Will not this satisfy you, my dear child?"

"Father! you do not yet believe it?"

"No, no, Selina! It is much too improbable."

"Thank God! but if it be false, father, it is because that poor wretch is mad. She believes the tale herself, I am sure of it."

"Poor child!" said Juno, sadly; "does it cut so deeply? I would I had never told it! Farewell, Selina! your name has been poor Juno's talisman for many a year; it served to conjure off much shame and sorrow from her. But she shall never talk of it again—not even to the woods. Farewell!"

She waited not for any answer, but hastily retreated from the room. As she passed through the door, she perceived a female figure gliding rapidly down the stairs before her, and she thought it was that of the white waiting-maid, whose presence had so much annoyed her. But Juno's heart was too heavy at this moment, to pay much attention to trifles, and she thought no more of it. All the bright but uncertain hopes with which she had entered the house, were now crushed and dead, but perhaps the pang that rankled most painfully was the suspicion expressed by the father, that she was an impostor.—Her heart was aching and giddy with the numberless projects that suggested themselves for proving, with immediate and most imposing evidence, the truth of her assertions; but the remembrance of Selina's pale and wretched face chased them all.—She determined, therefore, to see Mr. Croft alone on the morrow, for the purpose of showing him one or two memorials, which she thought must bring conviction to his mind; "and then," thought poor Juno, —"then I will once more turn my back upon New-Orleans—creep into the hut these hands have built, and die!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Mr. Croft's letter of dismissal to Whitlaw, was not penned without some slight touch of the contempt and indignation his impudent assumption of success deserved; but it produced a degree of irritation on the mind of the young man more proportioned to his preposterous estimate of his own merits, than to the degree of severity with which it was written.

The nation of Mr. Croft came in for no inconsiderable portion of the maledictions which followed the perusal of it. In fact, it was less wounding to his vanity to believe that he was dismissed because a d——d infernal proud Englishman would not suffer his daughter to marry an American, than that his personal qualities were not such as to make him acceptable to the young lady herself.

A very malignant feeling of jealousy, however, mixed with his disappointment. Perhaps, he really believed that no young girl, not prepossessed in favor of another, could have resisted him; and as if the Spanish feelings which had once been the soul of New-Orleans, still haunted its precincts, and now visited him, visions of daggers, knives, and stilettos, seemed to float before his eyes and arrange themselves in his brain. Before he could indulge himself, however, with even fancying how they might avenge him, it was necessary to ascertain who the individual might be for whose especial service he was willing to employ them. There was some very savage ingredient, as it should seem, in the passion of love whenever it found its way into the bosom of Whitlaw. Though long celebrated for his licentious amours, Lotte Steinmark was decidedly the first woman whose beauty had really touched the heart of my hero; and to her brothers, who had seemed to stand round and guard her from him, he had vowed a vengeance not the less deep because delayed.

Selina Croft, if she had not effaced this first impression, had decidedly made a new one beside it; but in her case also, the tender feeling was soon merged and lost in sentiments of mortification and hatred.

During the few days which intervened between Whitlaw's first visit to Mr. Croft, and the delivery of the letter, which brought his hopes to so abrupt a conclusion, he had more than once called, and been refused admittance. But quite persuaded that this was the consequence of a general and not particular exclusion, he conceived the idea that the gallant and well-tried project, of bribing the lady's maid with a little love and a little money, might avail him.

The scheme was quite successful. Susan had left her own country, chiefly in the hope of finding profit and adventure; and when, therefore, she saw herself dodged in one of the streets of New Orleans, by a very tall and handsome *gentleman*, (Whitlaw was always well dressed,) she saw no harm in looking over her shoulder, to see what he could possibly mean, or at length in listening to him, while he declared that if her mistress were as handsome as herself, he would contrive to marry her, if her fortune were one half less; but that, as it was, she should be rewarded by his purse, as well as his tenderest admiration, if she would assist in bringing him within reach of Miss Croft.

Between such persons as Mr. Whitlaw and Susan, these sort of contracts do not take long in arranging; and it was soon agreed, that when he rang, which he was to do with peculiar gentleness, she should pass near the door, by accident, open it, and admit him.

This had been done repeatedly; and it was the angry blush which melted on Selina's cheek, and a half smile that showed itself in the good-humored dimples of her father, upon these occasions, which, being read amiss, had led to the *eclaircissement*.—It was not one interview, however, which had sufficed to arrange these visits, or to reward Susan for her successful management of them. At a certain hour in each day, the young woman had repaired to a place indicated; and Whitlaw, who was now as anxious to examine her respecting others, as he had been to interest her for himself, again kept the appointment, and again had the satisfaction of finding his agent faithful to it.

He immediately perceived that the girl had something new and important to communicate; and after the prologue of a few gentle words, on both sides, they prepared mutually to open their hearts, and relieve themselves of the load of intelligence that oppressed them.

"I have got news for you, now, Mr. Whitlaw," said Susan; "but I misdoubt if you will like it much—at least, if you hold fast to your intention of marrying my young lady. What blood do you think she's come of, Mr. Whitlaw?—and she so pale and delicate, too!"

"What blood?" repeated Whitlaw, "why, d—d English blood, I suppose. What d'ye mean, my dear?"

"I mean almost more than you will believe, I think; and yet it is as true as that you're tall and I'm short. I mean, Mr. Whitlaw, that Miss Croft's mother came of a nigger."

"Not possible!"

"'Tis true, though; as sure as you stand there. I saw the old negress, myself, as came to claim the relationship; and an ugly old monster she is, as ever my eyes looked upon. Do you think, Mr. Whitlaw, that there will be any danger of the likeness coming upon the children over again? I have heard tell that it does sometimes happen with the gout, and with red hair, and fits, and a great many other things; but I'm sure I should be sorry to see a lawful-born child of yours look like a nigger;—that would be a pity!"

"Black blood!" muttered Whitlaw, who seemed hardly conscious that he spoke.

"Yes, sir, black blood! God knows there is no good in mincing the matter, for the cretur is as black as your boot."

"Black blood, Susan? Is it true? Are you very, very sure there is no mistake? you darling, beautiful creature! I will doat upon you forever, for this. But, Susan, I must see her once more—only once; you need not be jealous, my dear; but I must positively see her once again, and without her father, too. How can you manage this?"

"Easy enough, Mr. Whitlaw, if you can come to-morrow afternoon. My master has a party of three or four gentlemen, to dine with him. Miss Croft never dines at table, on these occasions, but is always dressed and ready to receive them in the drawing-room, afterwards. Now, your time will be to come just before sunset, and then you'll be sure of her."

"Good! To-morrow, before sundown, I'll be there, Susan, if I never make another visit on earth. But remember, you are at hand, dear girl! Once you failed me—last Monday, you know, and I was sent off. If you fail me to-morrow, Susan, I will never see you more."

"Don't be afraid, Mr. Whitlaw. I'll come down straight from dressing her, and bide at the front door, looking about me till you come; so there'll be no need of knocking or ringing at all."

"Excellent! And now good-bye, dear Susan!—I must reserve all I had to say to you, till next time. I have a hundred things to think of. Good-bye."

And so they parted;—Susan to return, with eye of lynx, to spy into the sick heart of her young mistress; and Whitlaw, to enjoy the prospect of a revenge, more admirably suited to his wishes, than any his own ingenious faculties could have conceived.

For many hours he meditated upon it, with a fulness of delight which left no room for thoughts of mere human wisdom and policy; but at length it occurred to him, that if he managed well, he might first gratify his longing to revenge the affront he had received, and then turn the discovery to handsome profit. So delightful were these speculations, that not even the gaming table had stimulant sufficient to occupy him during this interval; and he passed the moments in anxious, but not unhappy idleness, till the hour of appointment arrived.

True to her promise, Susan stood gaily-dressed at the door; and as she made way for Whitlaw to pass, she whispered, "There she is, all alone, and dismal enough, I promise you, since she found out her black nigger grandmother."

Whitlaw bounded up the stairs like the squirrel of his native woods: he feared lest the father of the young creature, whose feelings he was going to outrage, might start forth and stop him.

Without giving the slightest signal of his approach, Whitlaw opened the door and entered.

Selina was sitting near a table, on which lay an open volume; but her head rested upon a fair hand, which entirely covered her eyes, and it was evident that she was not reading. The opening door roused her: she looked up, and saw Whitlaw.

As usual, her heightened color proclaimed some species of emotion; but it was not now, as formerly, mistaken for the blush of love, albeit that it was "celestial rosy red." She rose from her seat, and her eyes said, as plainly as eyes could speak,

"How dare you enter here?"

"Don't disturb yourself, Miss Selina," said Whitlaw, with a degree of effrontery that very literally struck her dumb. "Sit still," he continued: "a pretty girl, if she's as yellow as a guinea, may always sit, provided there's nobody by but the man that's her lover."

He approached very near her, as he spoke, and a feeling of deep disgust made her spring aside, as if some noxious reptile was coming upon her.

"Well, now, if I don't believe that you're afraid of me! Why, that's instinct, my pretty girl. You know, I expect, that black blood is black blood, let it be filtered ever so; and maybe you think I'm come to treat you as colored folks is always treated in this country, when they don't know how to behave themselves? A pretty game, you've been after playing, you and your father, haven't you? But near as I was to be taken in, I don't bear malice; and besides, my dear, if you had done caught me, our marriage, you know, would have been just no marriage at all; for the law says, that if a white man demeans himself to marry one of a colored race, it's just all one as if they wasn't married at all. But I'm a faithful lover, my pretty miss, and to let you down gently like, I'm willing, if you behaves yourself, to make you my favorite mistress, after all."

Choking with mingled sensations of shame and indignation, the unhappy Selina could only articulate, "Go!—go!—go!"

"Go? When you've been a little longer in this country, you'll know your place better, my dear. I don't mean to go, little lady, till I've proved that a friend in need is a friend indeed. Instead of going, I will just place myself here, Miss Selina; and you may sit down, too, if you will—I shan't object."

A dreadful sensation of sickness, that made her fear she was fainting, obliged her to obey him, for in truth it rendered her totally incapable of escape.

"My!" exclaimed her tormentor, "you do look pale enough, now, for one of negro breed, that's a fact. I expect you'll be all the better for a glass of water, my dear."

So saying, he rose and rang the bell. A female slave answered it.

"Bring a glass of water here, blacky," said Whitlaw, pointing to Selina, to show her for whom it was required. Selina took it eagerly, and used the strength it gave her, in rising to leave the room.

"No, no, my girl, you must not go yet," said the wretch, putting himself in a truly national attitude, balancing himself on one chair, and throwing a leg over the back of another, while the trembling and wholly subdued Selina stood before him. "I've got to tell you, that for a handsome consideration—a neat bit out of the Nixton estate, perhaps——Go out of the room, smut!" he cried, stopping short in his proposals, and addressing the negress, who stared at him with astonishment and dislike, but obedient to the white man's word, she immediately left the room. "There, now," he continued, "see if I arn't honorable!—Maybe she's your cousin, though. But what I say, must be between ourselves, my dear, or it won't be worth hearing. What I was going to propose was this, that your father should make over to me a part, you see, of the Nixton estate, upon condition, signed and sealed, if you will, that I keep the secret of your being come of negro blood; and then, maybe, I'll be so civil as to be still willing to buy the remainder; 'cause, you see, you couldn't inherit it in this country, my dear;—not to mention that you'd be turned out, neck and heels, of every room where you put your foot, unless 'tis to wait upon us whites, or the like of that. But if you'll consent to this proposal, I'll undertake to get you smuggled out of the country before it gets wind at all,—that is, provided you wouldn't like better to stay in it as my favorite miss."

A deep groan was the only answer he received, and at the same moment Selina fell prostrate on the ground.

Mr. Whitlaw thought it was now time to escape, and he did so, after turning one very fiendish glance of triumph upon the unconscious girl; determined, however, to repeat his kind proposal to her father in writing, which, whether it were received as an insult or a bargain, would be almost equally satisfactory to him.

When Selina recovered her senses, she found herself on her bed, with her room darkened. She felt little or no weakness of body, however, and her first impulse led her to rise, in order to seek her father; but she recollected that he was not alone, and quickly replacing her head on the pillow, and bidding her maid return to tell her when his guests were departed, she determined to pass the interval in meditating on her own strange and greatly altered situation. Had the disclosure, which so overwhelmed her, been made in any other country, its effect upon her mind would have been totally different. In England, it is probable that such an incredible statement would have been treated only as a jest. Very lovely portraits of the two ancestors, through whom the detested stain had reached her, were among the boasted treasures of her inheritance, and the early death of both had probably contributed to the utter oblivion of their origin. Mr. Croft, in marrying the only daughter and heiress of a respectable London merchant, had not deemed it necessary to inquire into the lineage of her mother, who survived her birth but a few hours; especially as it is well known that the property he received with her was from this mother's fortune, which had luckily been settled on her child at her marriage, the father afterwards becoming bankrupt.

Selina's education, though sedulously attended to on some points, had given her very little general information; and the impressions she received on most subjects, were more influenced by her own high-wrought imagination, than by any previous knowledge acquired from good authority. The appearance and condition of the slave population, as they met her at New Orleans, was equally unexpected and revolting: she knew little or nothing on the subject of their history or their wrongs, and her deeply-religious spirit was shocked to feel a sort of impious misdoubting of the justice of heaven, as their degraded and terrible position was developed before her. From this most painful and guilty thought, she was relieved by the persuasion which soon took possession of her mind, that this dreadful spectacle was the result of the immutable command of God. "Well might wretched Cain say," exclaimed she, as she turned with loathing from the objects which perpetually met her eyes,—"well might he say, prophetically, for his whole race, 'my punishment is greater than I can bear!'"

With opinions and feelings such as these, the state of her mind, at suddenly finding herself branded as one still stained by the accursed mark, may in some degree be conceived. In common with most young people of a fanciful temperament and poetical turn of thought, she conceived herself somewhat apart from, and above the common herd. Neither her fortune, nor her beauty, created any such feelings; but she had believed herself favored by Heaven with a soul of higher tone than was usually accorded to mortals. Poor girl!—the descent from these visions to the hateful reality, was too violent. For two long hours she lay ruminating on her past and present lot, before her father came to her.

With all his earnest wishes to heal the wound her mind had received, he was unable to utter a word that would give her consolation. Mr. Croft was a true-hearted and truth-speaking Englishman. In such a cause he might perhaps have wished to deceive; but he knew not how to do it. All the inquiries he had made, by means of the clue furnished him by Juno, who had delivered many letters and memoranda into his hands, had tended to convince him that her statement was true, and he now came to announce to his daughter the only news he thought likely to console her: namely, that he had determined upon sailing for Europe by the first vessel that left the port with that destination.

Selina had risen from her bed, before his entrance, her maid having announced the departure of his guests; and she met him with such an appearance of restored composure, that half his uneasiness vanished, and he spoke cheerfully of their speedy departure.

His daughter listened to him with a quiet smile, but seemed to evade the subject, as if not yet sufficiently restored to enter upon it.

"To-morrow, dear father," said she,—"to-morrow settle all about it. I will come down and take a biscuit and a glass of wine with you, and then I will go to rest."

Perfectly satisfied, by the composure of her manner, and anxious, late as it was for business, to go out immediately, in the hope of finding one or two persons whom it was necessary he should see before his departure, he led her to the parlor which they usually occupied in the morning, and having ordered and partaken with her the refreshment she desired, prepared to leave her, saying, "Good night, dear love! it is not yet too late for me to do several things which will save time to-morrow."

Selina rose and approached him. "Give me your blessing and a kiss, dear father," she said, resting her head upon his bosom. "God bless thee, my sweet child!" he replied, pressing her fair forehead with his lips,—"God bless thee, dearest!"

She withdrew gently from his embrace, and sat down without speaking. He looked at her fondly for a moment, repeated his "God bless you, dearest!" and withdrew.

The room she was in opened upon the garden.—She drew back the curtain, and seeing the bright moonlight reflected by a thousand beautiful blossoms, she walked out into the midst of them. Nothing could be more delicious than the fragrance of the air at that hour. The day had been oppressively warm, but now a breeze played among the myrtles, the oranges, and the tuberoses, which, to a tamer fancy than Selina's, might have recalled the gales of Eden. She removed the comb and the ribbon which confined her hair, and giving her long coal-black tresses to the wind, seemed to enjoy the freedom with which they fanned her cheek. She stood thus, for many minutes, inhaling the rich odor of the shrubs, with a feeling that seemed to approach to ecstacy.

At length the spell was broken, and she moved on; but her step and action were hurried and unquiet. She went from tree to tree, plucking the flowers, till she had collected almost more than she could carry; and then retreating hastily to the house, she regained her chamber, dismissed her maid, who was in attendance there, and carefully securing her door, remained alone.

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